



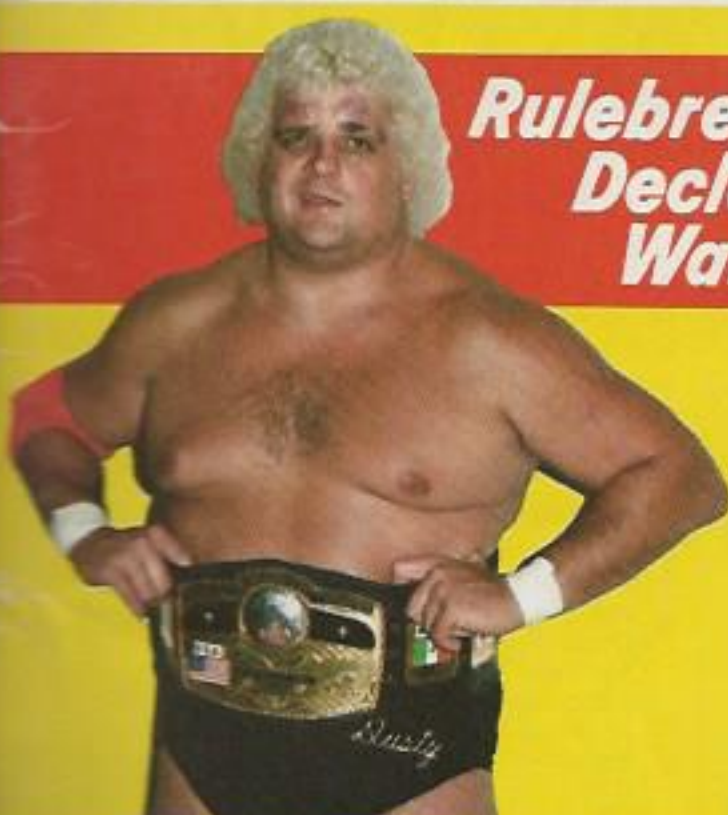
Inside

REVEALED!

**MAGNIFICENT MURACO'S
TREACHEROUS PATH
TO THE WWF TITLE**

October 1981
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Wrestling



**Rulebreakers
Declare
War:**

**The Men Plotting
Dusty's Destruction:**

The Funks

Harley Race

Ivan Koloff

Roddy Piper

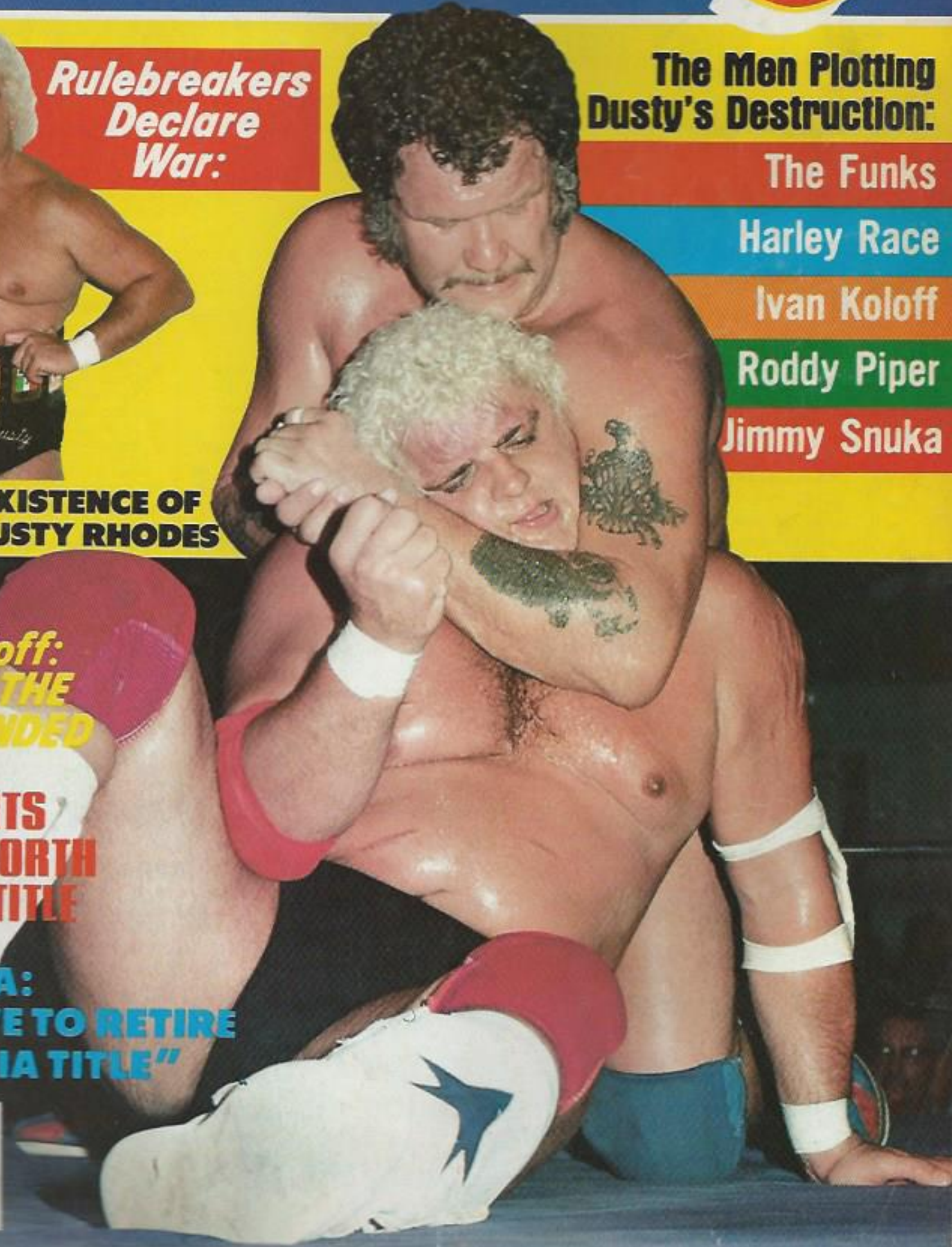
Jimmy Snuka

**THE PERILED EXISTENCE OF
CHAMPION DUSTY RHODES**

**Flair vs. Koloff:
THE BRAWL THE
NWA DEMANDED**

**JAKE ROBERTS
WINS THE NORTH
AMERICAN TITLE**

**KEN PATERA:
"I MAY HAVE TO RETIRE
THE GEORGIA TITLE"**



EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Peter
King

Editor-in-Chief

Ken Patera flexed his muscles as the television camera wheeled in for a close-up. His biceps bulged to nearly non-human size. His forearms looked as hard and as big as piano legs. As an athlete, Ken Patera has very few peers in professional wrestling.

But the words which came out of his mouth were more those of a cold, calculating killer than a professional athlete. "Cripple" and "maim" and "hurt" were words which escaped from his lips in the form of a sneer.

As the camera continued relying its video picture to millions of homes throughout the country, Patera relaxed and walked over as close to the lens as he could get. He held up his hand and demanded the director get a shot of the enormous diamond ring Patera wears on his right hand. As the ring sparkled, Patera screamed, "This is what it's all about, daddy. Money. Fortune. The more men I cripple, the richer I become. Let the bleedin' hearts worry about the bodies."

In the television control room, Tommy Rich watched sadly. "That man is..." Rich said, fighting back rage, "he's, he's a disgrace to this sport. Competition means nothin' to him. If he thought they'd pay him a penny more to kill a guy, he'd do it." Rich was about to say something else, but he turned to the TV screen when he heard Patera screaming his name.

"Rich!" Patera yelled, holding up the Georgia belt, "remember when this used to be around your waist? You coward! Everyone knows you ran from me."

Up in the control room, Tommy Rich's features were contorted by anger. "Wait 'til next time, Patera," Rich said quietly. He took a chair and smashed the screen. Ken Patera disappeared into an explosion.

ON THE ROAD

with
CRAIG PETERS

MADISON
SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY

MAPLE LEAF GARDEN
TORONTO

MINNEAPOLIS
AUDITORIUM
MINNEAPOLIS

THE SCOPE
NORFOLK

THE SUPERDOME
NEW ORLEANS

MID-SOUTH
COLISEUM
MEMPHIS

THE SPECTRUM
PHILADELPHIA

THE OLYMPIA
LOS ANGELES

THE KIEL
ST. LOUIS

COBO HALL
DETROIT

THE SUMMIT
HOUSTON

THE OMNI
ATLANTA

MIAMI BEACH
AUDITORIUM
MIAMI

OBSERVANT READERS WILL notice that the name on the road sign to my left is different. Don't even ask me why or how I got here. All I know for certain is that I *am* here, and no matter how often I ask, plead, or connive, they won't reveal what happened to Gary Morgenstein.

For all I know, Morgy could have been fed to The Moondogs by Albano. Maybe Farhood won him in a poker game and sold him to Yassir Arafat as a personal slave. Hell, maybe he was just driven to insanity by this whole business of wrestling journalism and the people you have to deal with on a daily basis. Stranger things have been known to happen.

But I'm speculating, now, and there's no room in serious journalism for speculation. Of course, I never claimed to be a serious journalist, either. I do claim, though, that if I ever *do* discover what happened to Gary, the readers of this magazine will be the first to know.

"It's a demanding position, requiring the utmost cunning and precaution. You'll be traveling all across the country . . . all around the world . . . and you'll be dealing

with some of the most ruthless people in this world. You've got to be able to land on your feet."

That's the esteemed Editor-in-Chief Peter King talking to me during my interview. At least he was honest. That's more than you can say for most editors in this business. Matt Brock can tell you about that.

I don't know, though. I'm still haunted by the silence surrounding the disappearance of my predecessor. Explanations are conspicuous by their absence, and I've never seen a group of people so unwilling to explain what happened as my colleagues here in wrestling Mecca.

So I've been training. Just in case something happens that is unexpected, I want to be prepared. A course in the Oriental art of Tai-Chi, personal meditation, was tops on my list. This helps me channel my emotions and senses into one intense and specific consciousness.

Next I went to the Japanese Center for Martial Arts Studies in New York City. A good friend of mine is a third degree black belt and teaches there. He helped me to take my newly refined con-

(Continued on page 52)



Could these men be responsible for the disappearance of Gary Morgenstein? Craig Peters, the latest addition to our staff, has set off "On the Road" to find out.

'TOP SECRET'

Behind the Dressing Room Door

**by Stu
Saks**

IT IS SAID that journalists are obligated to be impartial. I couldn't agree more. To report the facts with objectivity, a reporter must take a giant step back and view matters from both sides. Unless expressing a viewpoint in a clearly marked editorial, a journalist's opinion should not be stated. His job is to present the fact and let the reader decide for himself.

That's what is said about journalists.

I don't know how I would explain this to my journalism professor, but these rules don't apply to professional wrestling. It is almost impossible to be objective when half the wrestlers flaunt their hatred for societal norms by proudly displaying sadistic evil.

Furthermore, when a man as obviously biased as Dan Shocket is allowed to call himself a journalist, I feel obliged to bend a little in the opposite direction to maintain balance in this magazine.

Mr. Shocket, in the months to come, is going to have some harsh words for the new NWA champion, Dusty Rhodes. In anticipation, I present my opposing views:

Dusty Rhodes is an outstanding human being. He truly cares more for the people he loves than he does for himself. He loves the fans. It was a little over a year ago that Dusty Rhodes defeated Harley Race for the first time. Just prior to the start of their rematch, Dusty was sneak-attacked by Terry Funk, who broke his arm. Dusty decided to wrestle, despite the handicap and despite incredible pain. He did it for the fans. That one incident sums up the personality of the man.

(Continued on page 53)

Body Slams & Pinfalls

By Dan Shocket

WHAT A WONDERFUL country we live in! Where else but America could a man who is clumsy, oafish, stupid, and boring become a wrestling star? Junkyard Dog proves that you don't need ability to succeed in this great land of ours.

Never has one man gone so far with so little. The bumbling incompetence of the man is staggering. He possesses no skill and is somehow less than the sum of his parts. He's the kind

of boob even wrestling fans usually find too idiotic to take seriously. Still no one ever managed to underestimate a wrestling fan's intelligence.

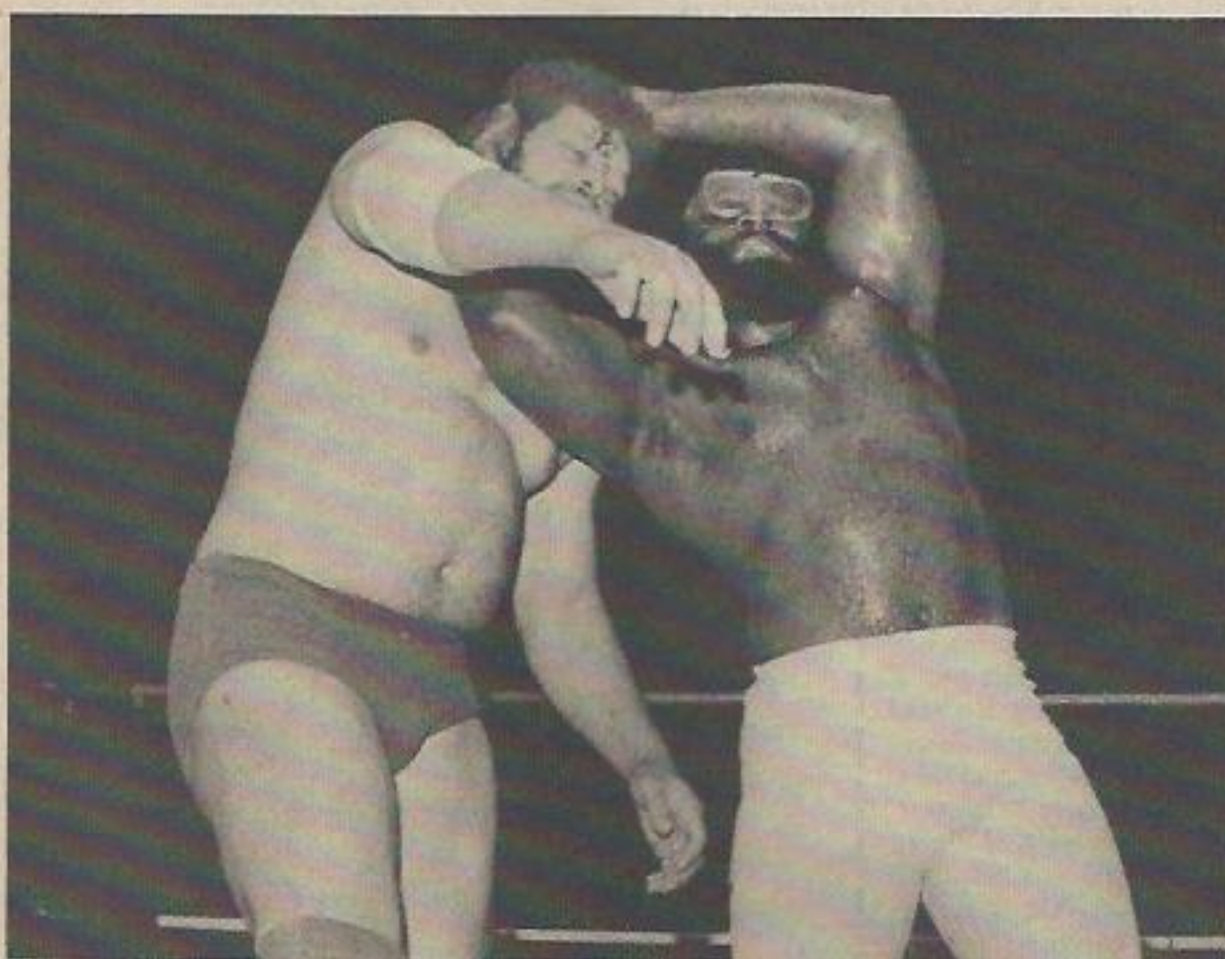
Every time I see this insult to professional sports I am once again amazed. What can these fans possibly be cheering about? Dog's main ability seems to be getting massacred by people the fans hate. The fans once cheered wrestlers who gave the so-called rulebreakers a

hard time. Now they cheer anyone willing to get into the ring with grapplers like The Mongolian Stomper or Harley Race. What can this mean?

Perhaps it is a good sign. The fans might be realizing that their favorites are losers. They no longer even hope that the rulebreakers can be defeated. In a hopeless world, what does it matter who attempts the impossible? As the poet Fredrick Groves wrote, "When it comes to jumping off the Empire State Building/A cripple has as much chance as the world's greatest athlete." If Ted DiBiase is the fans' idea of the world's greatest athlete, then Junkyard Dog must be the cripple.

Why is this a good sign? This may be the last gasp of fan stupidity. Sooner or later, even wrestling fans will give up on the hopeless. Then, they will look to the conquerors as the men to admire.

Wrestlers today most hated by fans may be the heroes of tomorrow. Won't it be something to hear crowds



How anyone can regard Junkyard Dog as courageous is beyond me! How many wrestlers have to protect themselves with goggles? I can think of one.

(Continued on page 54)

THE INSIDER

By STEVEN FARHOOD

SCOOP OF THE MONTH

In a diabolical scheme that could change the very face of wrestling, rulebreaker manager The Grand Wizard has employed a scientist from New Mexico to create a life-like robot in the form of Greg Valentine. The robot, called an "automaton," was believed to have wrestled and defeated prelim grappler Steve King in a recent WWF match in Baltimore!

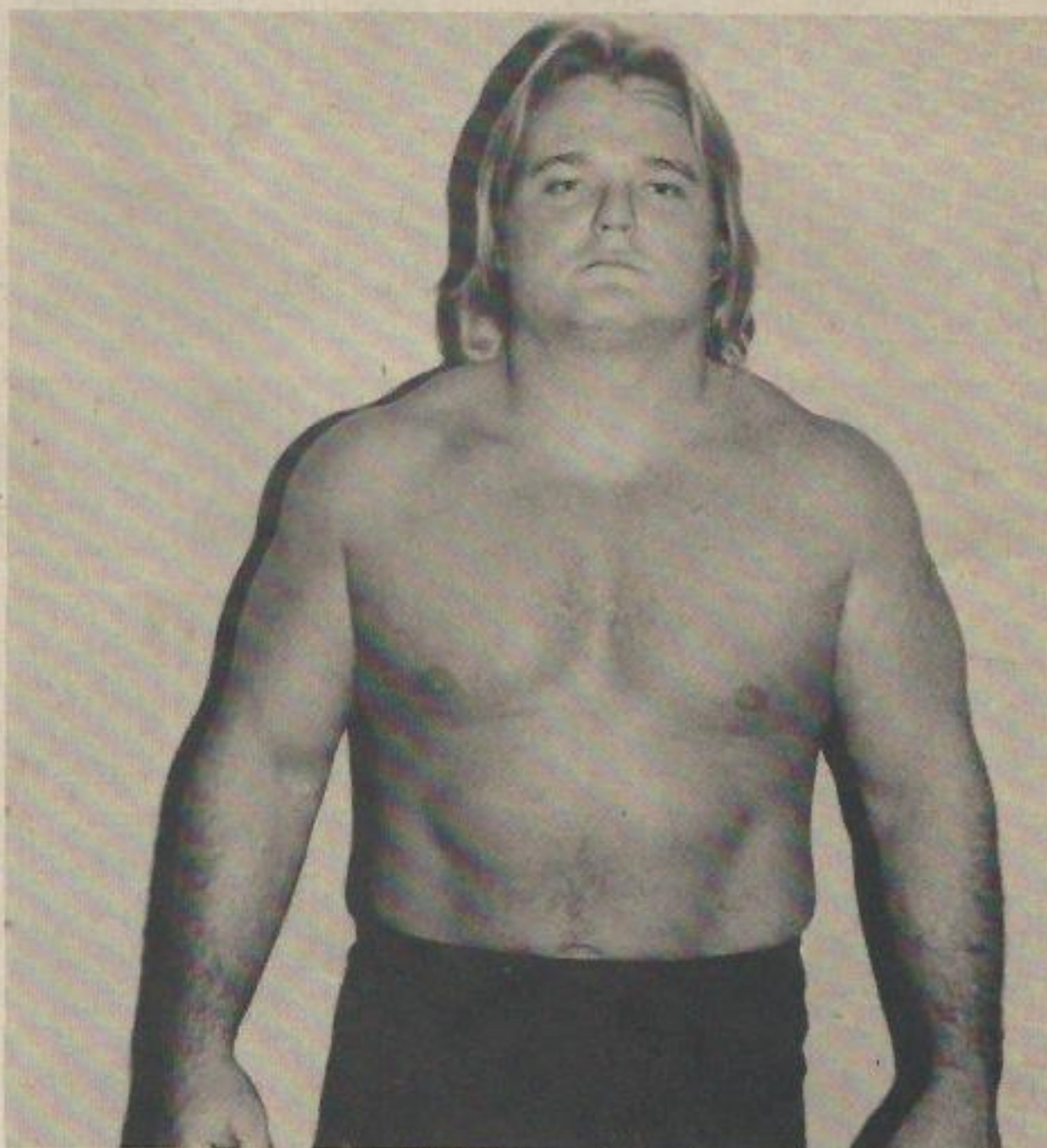
The automaton, so real and so effective that even ringside fans didn't suspect that they weren't watching the real Valentine, is programmed for only one function: to be a destructive wrestler.

Up until now, laboratory creatures such as automatons and humanistic robots have appeared mainly in comic books and movies like *Star Wars*. If The Grand Wizard has indeed succeeded in working with the scientist to create such a dangerous monster, he could conceivably control all of wrestling within the next year or two.

"I have no comment regarding such rumors," was all the Wizard would say when we reached him by telephone.

What is the physical nature of these automatons, and how far can they go?

Predictably, we were unable to find the identity of Wizard's



Is it real... or is it an automaton? Only The Grand Wizard knows for certain whether or not this is Greg Valentine or an expertly produced robot. Typically, The Wizard refused comment.

New Mexico scientist, but we did contact Dr. Sam Rambusch, one of the most noted biogenetic synthesists in the United States.

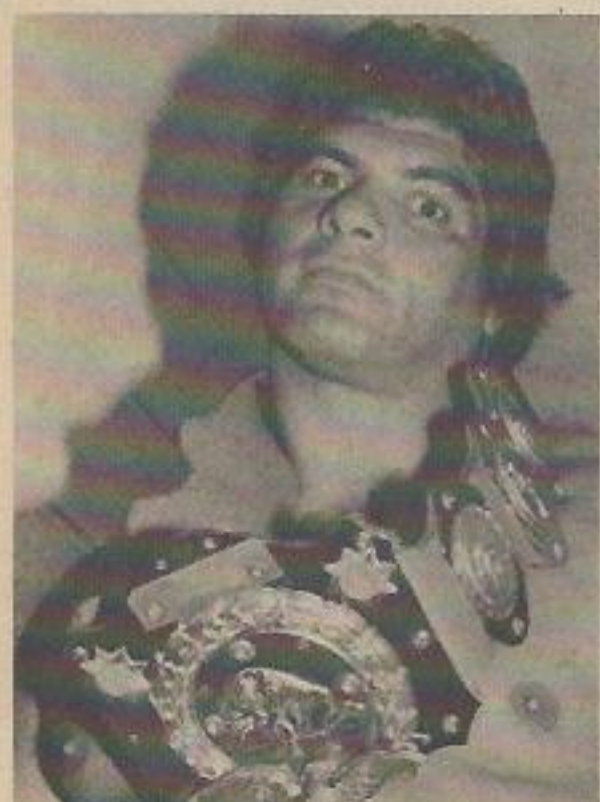
"What you have heard is not only possible, but can be done," Dr. Rambusch said. "The cost of such a creation, however, is mind-boggling." When told of the Wizard's well-documented wealth, Dr. Rambusch raised

his eyebrows and said, "This Wizard could do much harm with such a creation."

What exactly is an automaton? "If you broke one in half," Dr. Rambusch said, "you'd see a lot of transistors, microprocessors, and silicon memory chips. The automaton can be programmed to do whatever its creator wants. If this Wizard character

(Continued on page 56)

NAMES MAKING



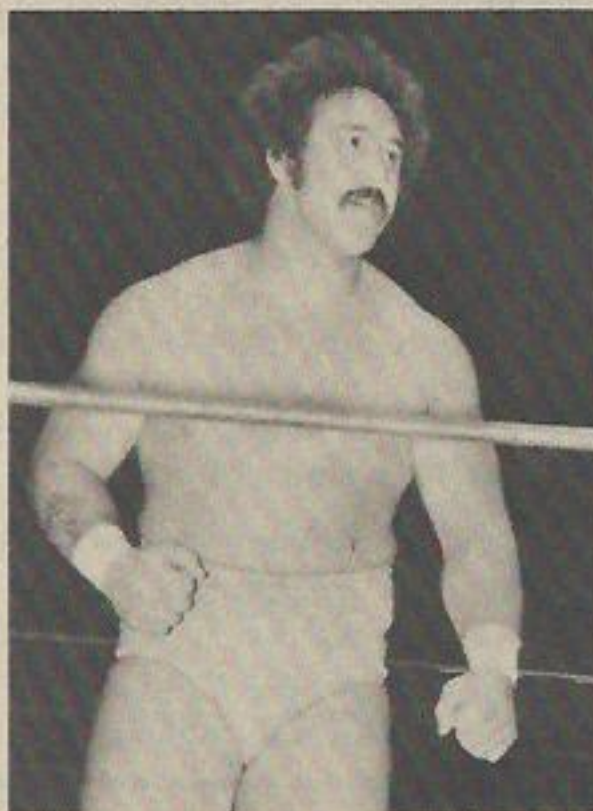
MAGNIFICENT MURACO

MAGNIFICENT MURACO and his manager THE GRAND WIZARD are planning to sue the World Wrestling Federation if they do not get an immediate title match in New York's Madison Square Garden against champion BOB BACKLUND. "They made all kinds of excuses to pass up Hulk Hogan for a title shot at the Garden," Wizard points out. "Now they are trying to do the same to my Intercontinental champion Magnificent Muraco. They can't get away with this—we will sue! The Garden is where the *big* money is and we want our glory!"

SWEET BROWN SUGAR has unmasked! The sweet man feels it is no longer necessary to hide his face... KEN PATERA claims he was the victim of a conspiracy after his most recent bout against NWA champion DUSTY RHODES. The match was refereed by Ken's enemy TOMMY RICH. "That punk kid made sure that Rhodes couldn't lose," Patera claims. "I want this match investigated. I want to see Rich's referee's license."

I smell a rat somewhere!"

United States champion RODDY PIPER wants the NWA to "get WAHOO McDANIEL off my back!" Says Roddy, "Wahoo is a renegade Indian who wants to cripple me. He has already stated that fact on TV interviews. I am a wrestler. I go out to win, not cripple. I don't want a match against that maniac!"... The tag team of MR. FUJI and MASSA SAITO are headed to the WWF... TULLY BLANCHARD and GINO HERNANDEZ found the going a little too rough against IVAN PUTSKI and MANNY



MANNY FERNANDEZ

FERNANDEZ in Houston. The duo fled the ring claiming they had a more important appointment elsewhere!

JIMMY SNUKA is being advised by TERRY GORDY in Atlanta bouts. Gordy is also teaming with the "Jungle Boy" on occasion with hopes of winning the Georgia tag team belts from STEVE O and TED DiBIASE. By the way, Ted got a title bout



TED DiBIASE

against NWA champion DUSTY RHODES. After 16 minutes of scientific grappling, Dusty retained his belt.

FREEBIRD MICHAEL HAYES is contemplating a return to Atlanta rings while BUDDY ROBERTS is grappling in Texas



JIMMY SNUKA

Bill Apter
reporting...



THE ASSASSINS

... THE ASSASSINS continue to wreak terror in Florida rings defending their North American tag team belts . . . GREG VALENTINE is breaking legs en route to a WWF title shot against BOB BACKLUND . . . BRUNO SAMMARTINO JR. is racking up an impressive victory streak in Georgia.

HULK HOGAN portrays a wrestler named "Thunderlips" in the film *Rocky III*. Hogan writes that his performance will win him an Academy Award. "I am such a great performer," Hogan says. "After this film is released, I'll be regarded as Hollywood's number-one sex symbol. Eat your heart out, Robert Redford!" By the way, Hogan has been accepting some matches in Florida. He recently wrestled to a time-limit draw with another powerhouse, THE MIGHTY IGOR.

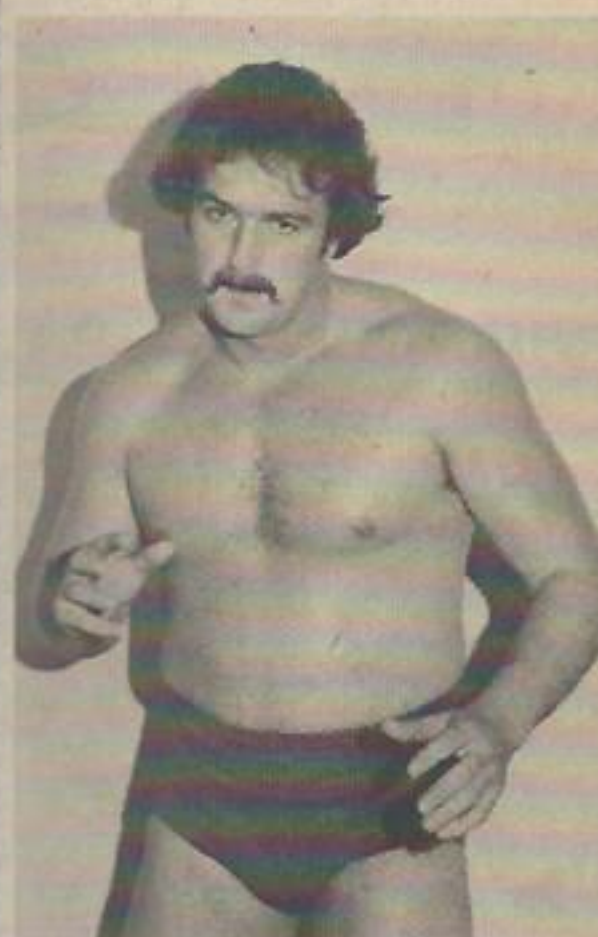
BAD LEROY BROWN is really quite good as far as Mid-Atlantic fans are concerned. Since Leroy came into their territory, he has been wrestling against hated



STALLONE & HOGAN



BAD LEROY BROWN



JAKE ROBERTS

rulebreakers . . . The feud between PAUL ORNDORFF and JAKE ROBERTS hit a peak at the Superdome in New Orleans. After repeatedly fouling Jake, Orndorff took his North American belt . . . DICK MURDOCH and JUNKYARD DOG have taken the Mid-South belts from THE SAMOANS.

Mike Graham ventured to the AWA for a series of matches. "I really enjoyed the competition there," he says . . . Sexy JILL FONTAINE feels that within a year she will be a top challenger for the women's title still held by THE FABULOUS MOOLAH . . . LORD AL HAYS says that even though he is friendly with the NWA tag team champions, THE ANDERSON BROTHERS, he may seek a title shot for his proteges CHRIS MARKOFF and NIKOLAI VOLKOFF.

That's all for now. See you at the matches! □

NEWS FROM THE

If you would like your area of the country represented in these reports, while also being officially credited with your own by-line, send us reports of the matches you attend. You will have the thrill of seeing your name in an internationally known magazine while at the same time helping to improve the quality of wrestling in your area. So why not give it a try? You will be glad you did!

Send your reports to: Correspondent Editor, Box 48, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571.

PHILADELPHIA, PA

By Michael F.P. Luberti, Jr.



PEDRO MORALES
vs.
DON MURACO



Don "Magnificent" Muraco challenged Pedro Morales for the Intercontinental title. The match began with Morales' customary attack of superb hiprolls, armbars, and bodyslams. The Muraco counterattack consisted of the challenger's powerful arms almost immobilizing Pedro. When Pedro broke free, the match became a wild brawl. In the melee, the referee was knocked senseless. Muraco, sensing his opportunity, caught Pedro with a shot to the head while Pedro tried to revive the referee. Pedro fell to the canvas while Muraco covered him. The referee revived to see Muraco on Pedro and awarded the title to Muraco.

MONROE, LA

By Danny Howell



MASKED GRAPPLER
vs.
JAKE ROBERTS



The North American heavyweight title was on the line when champion Masked Grappler met Jake "The Snake" Roberts. It was a brutal match from beginning to end. At first, Grappler seemed assured of retaining his title. Then, the tide turned and the masked champion got into real trouble. Before he knew what happened, his title was in the hands of Jake Roberts. Grappler vows revenge.

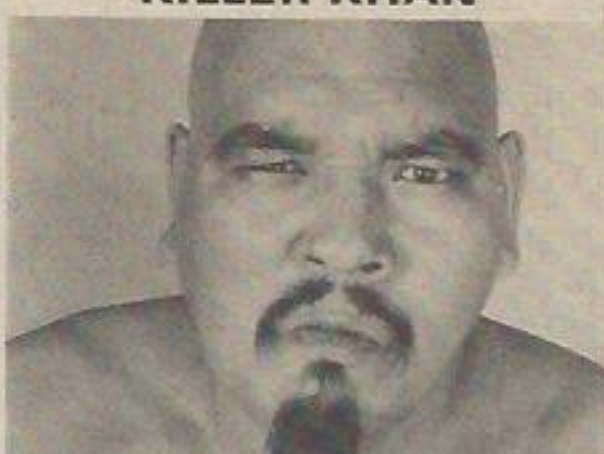
OTHER BOUTS: Junkyard Dog and Dick Murdoch defeated The Samoans . . . Super Destroyer cheated his way past Jim Garvin . . . Kerry Von Erich whipped "Crazy" Luke Graham.

HANOVER, PA

By Timothy Walker



BOB BACKLUND
vs.
KILLER KHAN



It looked like Bob Backlund would lose his title this night. Killer Khan controlled the action with a brilliant series of battering karate moves. When it seemed darkest for the champion, he dug deep within himself and reversed the action. A rowboat hold weakened Khan and a reverse cradle ended his title hopes. Backlund retained his championship.

OTHER BOUTS: Tony Garea and Rick Martel conquered Rex and Spot Moondog by disqualification . . . Rick McGraw and Johnny Rodz wrestled to a draw . . . Strong Kobayashi bested Don Serrano.

WRESTLING CAPITALS



MIAMI BEACH, FL

By Jeff Fine



**SWEET BROWN SUGAR
vs.
MASKED ASSASSIN #1**



The main event featured a Texas Death Match in a steel cage between Sweet Brown Sugar and Masked Assassin #1. At first, the battle was controlled by The Assassin, who used the cage very effectively. Then Sugar turned the battle around. In the heat of the action, the referee was knocked cold for a minute. This gave The Assassin time to use a foreign object and emerge victorious. Fulfilling an earlier promise that win or lose, he would remove his mask, Sweet Brown Sugar disregarded the cries of his fans and did, indeed, unmask.

OTHER BOUTS: Jack Brisco over Dory Funk Jr. by disqualification.

COLUMBUS, GA

By Jody Colley



**TED DiBIASE
vs.
MICHAEL HAYES**



The main event was a Steel Cage Match between Ted DiBiase and Michael Hayes. This match was pure mayhem from the opening bell on. DiBiase was set on breaking Hayes' leg, and very nearly succeeded. He was on the verge of doing so when Buddy Roberts ran into the cage and attacked DiBiase, causing him much pain and harm. DiBiase, however, was able to soon reverse the advantage and get his revenge on Hayes.

OTHER BOUTS: Buddy Roberts and Sgt. Jacques Goulet were downed by Robert and Ricky Gibson . . . Ken Patera beat Tommy Wright . . . Ted Oates over Bryan St. John by disqualification.

SPARTANBURG, SC

By Eric Morris



**RIC FLAIR
vs.
RODDY PIPER**



It was a night to remember as the Nature Boy took on Piper. At first, it was an even battle, but the advantage went to Piper as he started his rulebreaker tactics. Then he administered his neckbreaker, and then another. The second time, Flair blocked it, sending Piper stumbling to the mat. Piper got up, took a foreign object out of his trunks, making short work of Ric Flair.

OTHER BOUTS: Rick Steamboat over Hussein Arab . . . Jimmy Valiant was downed by Johnny Weaver . . . Ole and Gene Anderson downed Paul Jones and Masked Superstar.

I HAVE BEEN on the road for over a week trying to catch up with Magnificent Muraco. First New York City, then Pennsylvania, now C.W. Post College on Long Island. The word has run through the grapevine faster than food through a goose: Muraco has got a foolproof blueprint for seizing the WWF title. I wanted to know about it. More importantly, my editor wanted to know about it.

I had seen Muraco wrestle against Martel in Madison Square Garden. No, let me rephrase that: I had seen Muraco turn maniac against Martel in the Garden. I mean, this guy just went nutso-schizo. It was obvious that something has happened to him recently to make him this way. So I followed him to Pennsylvania for a couple of matches.

Same thing in Pennsylvania. He demolished Steve King. The poor guy never even knew what hit him. Meanwhile, Muraco is grinning like a deranged killer. There was serious fire in his eyes, and smoke drifting up from somewhere. It was a very ominous sight.

So now it's Post, and a match with Dominic DeNucci. As my 1969 Cadillac, aptly nicknamed "The Green Giant," barreled down the road, the Stones came up on the tape deck. "You Can't Always Get What You Want," was the song Mick was howling. It got me to wondering what sort of twisted obsession had gripped Muraco, and whether he had bitten off more than he could chew. I knew that I would soon find out.

I flashed my press credentials to the campus security chief who pointed to a building down the road and to the left. Thanking him, I steered the Green Giant around to the back of the building. I parked near the dressing room entrance.

As I walked the lengthy hallway towards the dressing rooms themselves, I heard a group of men laughing wildly. The noise came from the door at the end of the hall,

and Muraco's chilling laugh stood out above them all. I could hear him boasting as I entered the room.

"Just you guys wait and see what happens to DeNucci tonight," Muraco was saying. "That pizza brain is gonna wish he'd never left Italy! When I'm

done with him, he's gonna think he was in the middle of one of them Eye-talian earthquakes!"

I decided that the atmosphere in there was too much to handle at the time: I would see how well Muraco lived up to his own advance publicity, and then ask

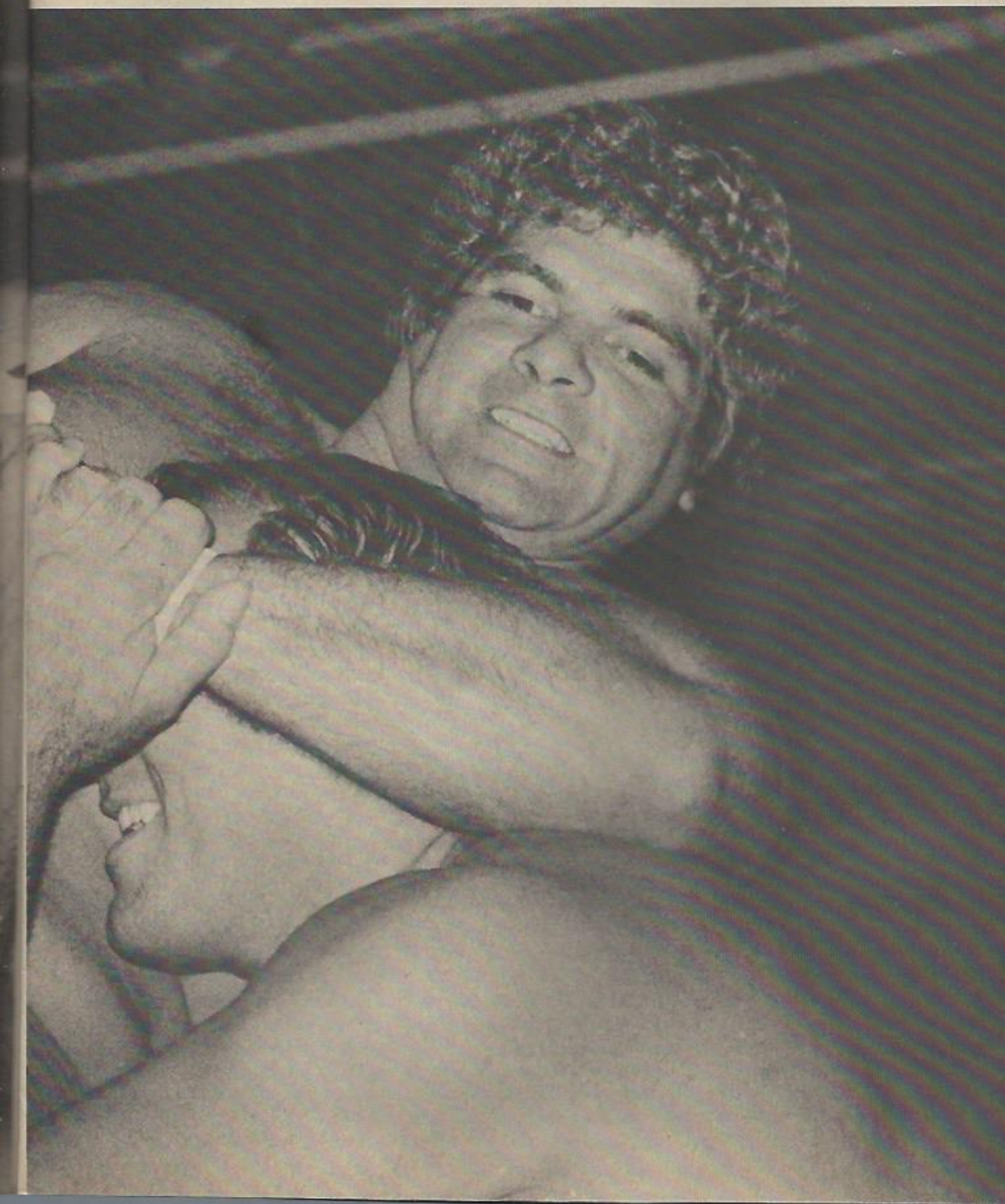
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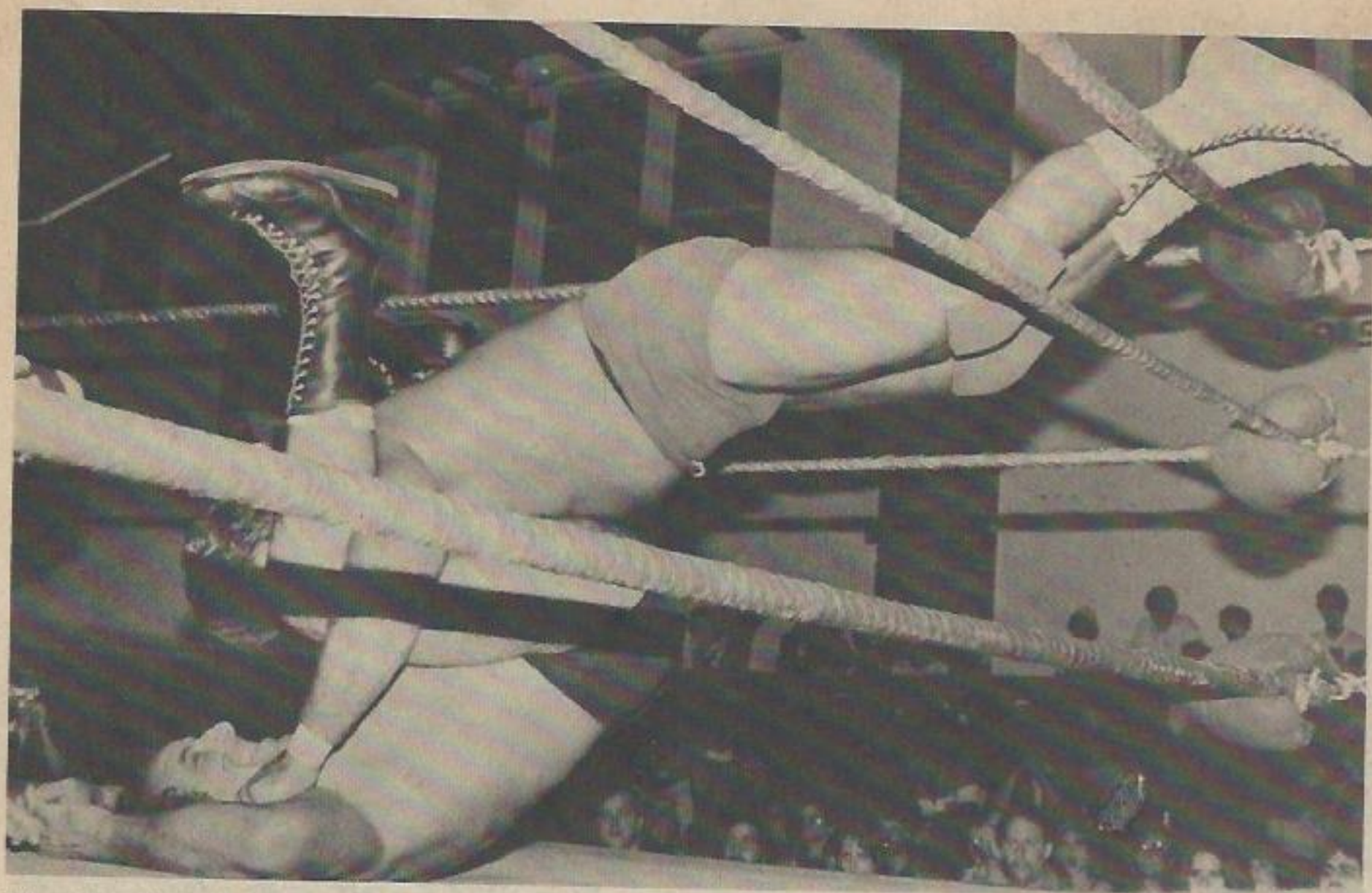
MAGNIFICENT MURACO'S TREACHEROUS PATH TO THE WWF TITLE

By Craig Peters

Cunning and brutality are only two of the weapons in Magnificent Muraco's arsenal as he launches an all-out quest for the WWF title. Deception and dishonor are two more. When obsession grips a man, self-destruction may not be very far behind

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER





him about his current rampage. That is, if the rampage was not halted by DeNucci tonight.

It wasn't. Muraco was as insanely overpowering as he had been in New York City and Pennsylvania. His total disregard for any rules whatsoever coupled with an incredible unleashed rage brought him one step closer to his ultimate goal: total domination of the WWF.

Following the match, I talked with Muraco in his dressing room. There was still fire in his eyes as he spoke.

"I'm on my way to the title," he told me. "Before long, the WWF will be mine! DeNucci realizes that now, Martel and King learned that already. Backlund knows it, that's why he continues to avoid me the way he does. Soon, the WWF title will be mine. And you know how I'm gonna do it?"

I could hardly wait to hear his answer.

"Cheating, plain and simple," Muraco said, with a touch of smug satisfaction lacing his voice. "I'll be wrestling as dirty as possible, using

The illegality of Muraco's pin of Dominic DeNucci (above) went unnoticed by the ref. Muraco slams away at DeNucci's face with a closed fist (below).



my Asiatic spike as often as possible, and I will not get caught. I can't get caught. I've got my brains, I've got my muscle, and I've got The Grand Wizard managing me. There's no way that I can lose."

The words sank in for a minute. I asked him if the path he was taking might be too risky.

"No way, my friend," he replied. "You saw me tonight, you saw how my new strategy and planning took

care of DeNucci. All I need now is a shot at that kid Backlund."

So that's it—pure dirty tricks. Well, the man has no scruples, but at least he's up front about it. If it was me, I'd be afraid of the opposition pulling the same sort of stunts. You know, fighting fire with fire? It wouldn't surprise me in the least.

In fact, I would have to go as far as to say that yes, it's inevitable that someone will battle Muraco with his own weapons and treachery. Maybe that someone will be Backlund, maybe someone else. And maybe Muraco already had some aces up his sleeve just in case the challenger comes along who does try to meet Muraco on his own terms.

As I steered Green Giant out of Post and onto the highway home, I flipped on the tape deck. Springsteen, this time, belting out "The Price You Pay."

I wonder if Muraco begins to suspect the price he may eventually have to pay for the path he has chosen to the top of the WWF. □

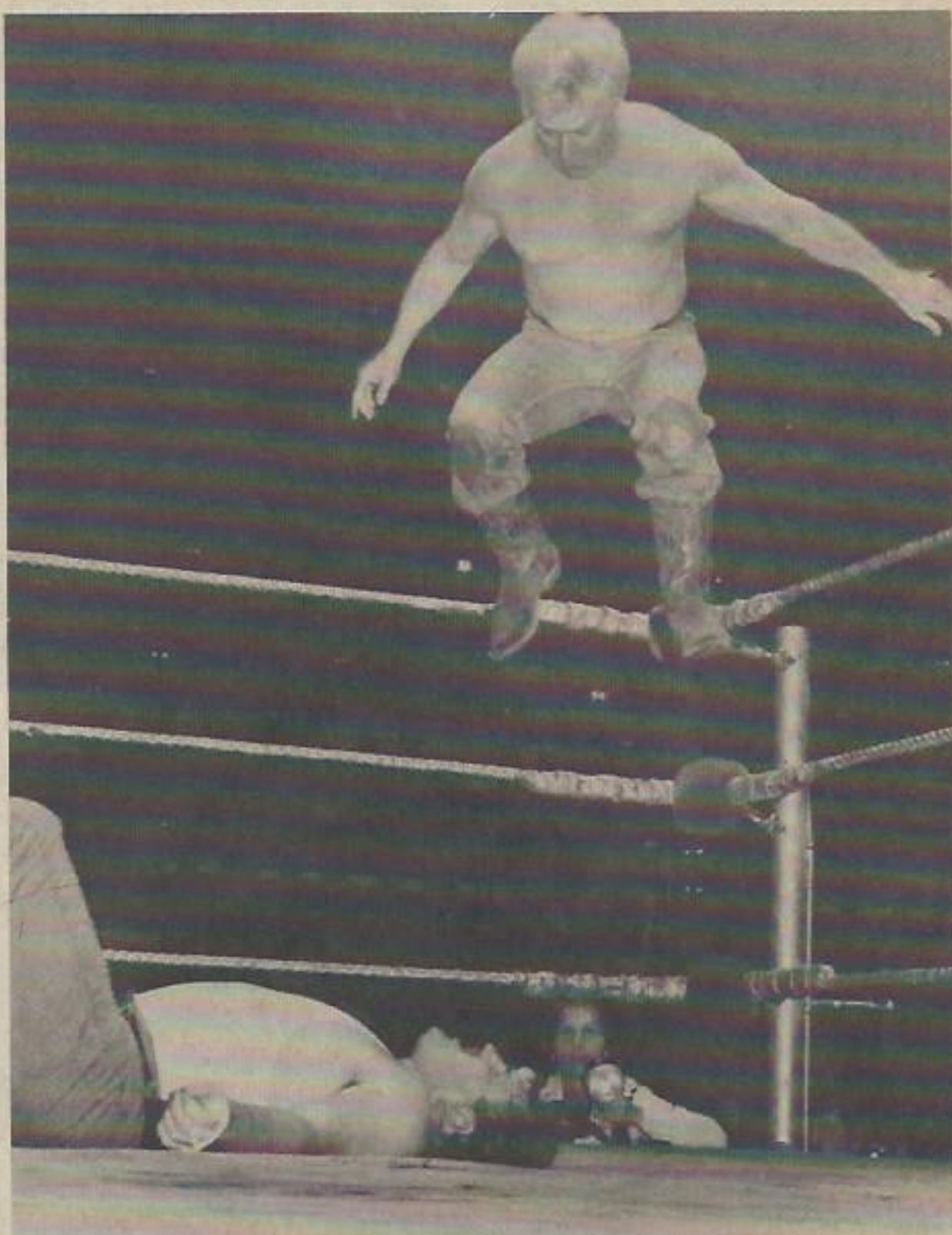
INSIDE WRESTLING

63

CAPSULE PROFILE

PAT PATTERSON

ONE OF WRESTLING'S most respected veterans ("I suppose there isn't an arena I don't know or a top grappler I haven't wrestled") . . . Described by some as wrestling's most complex personalities ("I've changed from scientific wrestler to rulebreaker and back again more times than I can count") . . . Even he can't say why he changes styles and friends so often ("I'm ruled by my temper and instincts—every instinct except the instinct for survival!") . . . Currently is feuding with Sgt. Slaughter ("Sooner or later, one of us must go") . . . Sees Slaughter as spectre of wrestling's doom ("The ghost of electricity howls in the bones of his face") . . . Even as a rulebreaker, Patterson was always straight with his friends ("To live outside the law you must be honest") . . . He has a love/hate affair with the fans ("They'll stone you when you're trying to be good") . . . Still, he wants the



The "street brawl" between Pat Patterson and Sgt. Slaughter at Madison Square Garden was one of the ugliest matches in recent years. Patterson, wearing cowboy boots, leaps upon Slaughter from the top turnbuckle.

fans to know he'll be there when needed ("I never could forsake you") . . . He can't leave the area until Slaughter is defeated ("How can I walk around with something like that hanging over me?") . . . Doesn't care where he has to get Slaughter ("I'm ready to go anywhere") . . . Hopes

Slaughter reads this profile ("Next time you see me coming you'd better run") . . . Knows what the final match will produce ("The riot squad is restless and needs some place to go") . . . One phrase sums up feelings about Slaughter ("I want you SO BAD!"). □

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Each day, out of the thousands of letters we receive, hundreds of them are from fans asking the whereabouts of their favorite wrestler. In this special column, we will try to answer the questions you ask the most!



JIMMY SNUKA

The brutal, athletic grappler is currently terrorizing the Atlanta area. Whether alone or teaming with Terry Gordy, Snuka is battering his opponents senseless. Though Snuka seems content to remain in the area, his notorious restlessness may soon get the best of him. Don't be surprised if he leaves the area and heads to parts unknown.

JERRY LAWLER

The self-proclaimed "king" is dividing his time between Memphis and Florida. After years of dominating Tennessee wrestling, Lawler appears to be expanding his horizons. Jerry is a little hazy about future plans, probably preferring to see how his Florida stint is received before committing himself to more traveling.



HULK HOGAN

When you see *Rocky III*, don't be surprised if the wrestler, Thunderlips, Mountain of Lust, looks familiar. Yes, that blond grappler surrounded by beautiful women is none other than Hulk Hogan. After his stint in front of the cameras, Hogan plans to resume his mat career in Florida. He assures us his stint in Hollywood failed to make him into a scientific wrestler.

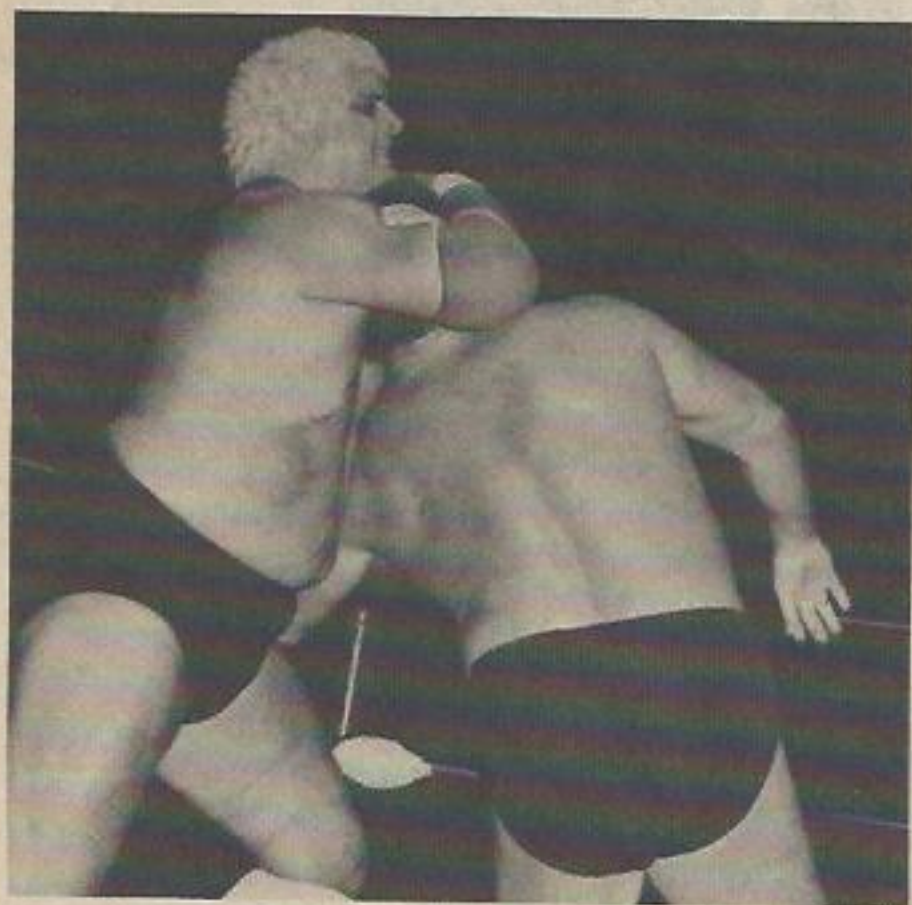
LORD AL HAYS

The veteran mat star is now successfully managing the feared Russian tag team, Chris Markoff and Nikolai Volkoff. The trio is sending shockwaves through the Mid-Atlantic area. Hays swears this tag team is the best he's ever managed and promises they will soon be champions. He plans to stay in the area for the time being.



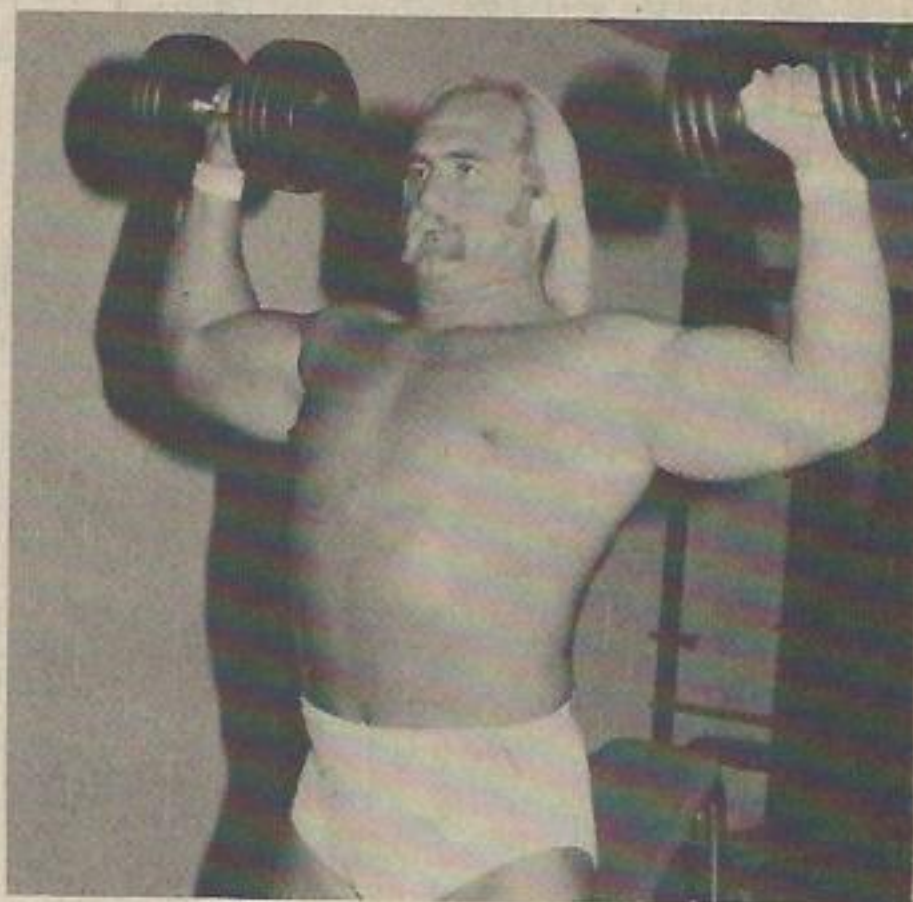


Matt Brock's **PLAIN SPEAKING**



RHODES VS. RACE

ATLANTA, GA: My head is still pounding from the parties they've been throwing down here for Dusty Rhodes after he dethroned Harley Race. It seems that if anybody thought he knew how to celebrate in Georgia, he's just learned a few new tricks from Rhodes and the rest of the clan. Beats the hell out of me why anyone would want to celebrate when he's just made himself more new enemies than the Bowery has drunks. The biggest question in my mind (and I'm sure it's crossed Dusty's once or twice), is whether or not he'll be able to hold on to the title this time around. If you listen to Dusty, he's keeping the belt for at least a couple of years. If you listen to Race, Dusty's not going to make it through to the end of the month. Me? Well, I'll believe it when I see it. So far, I haven't seen too much.



HULK HOGAN

TAMPA, FL: I don't know what the people down here have done to deserve what they're getting now, but it seems as if Mighty Igor and Hulk Hogan have chosen Florida as their mutually agreeable battleground. As these two powerhouses pound their way through the state and each other, wrestling fans down here are bracing for what promises to be the first big storm of the hurricane season. My guess is that this storm will eventually be named "Hurricane Hulk Hogan." Ol' Matt's gotta hand it to Igor, too. He can take it as well as dish it out. But I don't think he's got as much strength as Hogan... and that's got to give the Hulk the edge.

HOUSTON, TX: A big shift in gears here in Texas as it seems that most of the wrestlers on the mat now want to go after nobody else but Nick

Harder than nails, veteran wrestling reporter Matt Brock has logged more miles covering wrestling than any other journalist. Every month Matt will travel to the sport's hotbeds, reporting everything he sees without fear or favor



RODDY PIPER

Bockwinkel. What they really want out of Nick is not his blood (though I'm sure that wouldn't bother the likes of Ivan Putski and Chavo Guerrero, either), but his AWA championship belt. Why the AWA is getting to be so popular and strong around here is anybody's guess. Nick

has got to be happy, though—it's keeping him busier than ever. An old friend of mine from these parts, and a great fan of the sport by the name of Dave Caise, says that Bockwinkel has nothing to worry about. I agree. Nick's at the top of his game and should hold his title for quite a while.

RICHMOND, VA: Roddy Piper's U.S. title may be in jeopardy as all the smart money seems to be riding on Wahoo McDaniel's long shot chance at dethroning the Scotsman. Even Steve Farhood took the plunge and bet a buck on the outcome of an eventual McDaniel/Piper faceoff. Now Piper is not stupid. I suspect he is already working on tactics that will counter anything that Wahoo can throw against him. But Wahoo isn't stupid, either. When the match finally develops, it'll be a hairy one, as all the advance notice to the match seems to indicate. I tend to lean towards McDaniel, too. But then again, that's who Farhood put *his* money on . . .

HARTFORD, CT: Returned back north just in time to catch one of the greatest cards in recent memory, and the first set of matches in this town in years. Unsurprisingly, it was a standing room only crowd assembled to witness an evening which featured Mil Mascaras against Killer Khan, Andre the Giant going up against Sgt. Slaughter, and Bruno Sammartino against Stan Hansen. It's nice to see wrestling come back to this town, which has been so good to the sport in past years. Ran into Mae Eisenstadt, too, who cooked me a wonderful sauerbraten dinner following the match. She tells me she spoke to Peter King, fresh from his vacation in the northern hinterlands. Tells me there's some new blood on the staff. I may have a place to live, after all. □

Sweet Brown Sugar's Own Story:



THE NIGHT I TEAMED WITH MY IDOL, MIL MASCARAS

Once in a man's life . . . maybe . . . he gets a chance to fulfill one of his innermost desires. Achieving such a goal can be an experience to remember forever as well as a source of great inspiration. When the chance came to Sweet Brown Sugar, he was more than ready

By Sweet Brown Sugar

YOU KNOW, I guess everybody has some sort of dream in their lives, something they would like to do someday,

somebody they would like to meet. A lot of people I know like to look up to musicians or movie stars, like to try to be just like them.

Me? I'm a wrestler, so I look

up to someone in my own profession. As far as I'm concerned, the dream of a lifetime would be to meet and wrestle with my idol, the great Mil Mascaras. Little did I know

those short weeks ago how quickly and easily my dream would become a reality.

I had always looked up to Mil Mascaras, always used him as a role model. To me, he's the ultimate sportsman, always willing to help others. His integrity is unmatched, and his ability as a scientific wrestler can't be questioned by anyone. Needless to say, I attempted to pattern my own style and attitude against those of Mil.

So one day not too long ago, I find myself in the offices of the Florida Wrestling Commission filing various forms and papers for my license to wrestle in Florida. Who comes walking in but Mil—last person in the world I would expect to see!

Well, it turned out that Mil was filing papers himself. Seems that he was getting ready for a week-long tour of Florida, and still had some open dates. Immediately, I thought that this might be my chance to finally fulfill my lifelong dream and wrestle with Mil as a tag team.

Just as quickly, though, I realized that asking him like that might be too obnoxious. I didn't want to force him into any decisions he didn't want to make.

I guess it showed in my eyes, because he turned to me and said, "What's up, Sweet? You look troubled." Well, I decided that maybe if I explained my position to him he might understand. Turned out to be the most understanding gent I've ever run into. "You got it," Mil said, "I'd be honored to have you work with me as a tag team. We go up against the Masked Assassins next week, how does that sound?"

Well, it sounded great to me, and the next week in West Palm Beach, it was Mil and I against the Masked Assassins.

Before I tell you about the



Masked Assassin #3 is in serious trouble as Mascaras and Sugar, making quick tags, wear the rulebreaker down in their corner (above). The Assassins' double-teaming attempt is unsuccessful as Mascaras slams their masked heads together (below).



match, I want to repeat something I said earlier. I had always patterned myself after Mil, especially in his wrestling. The types of maneuvers he makes in the ring are the types

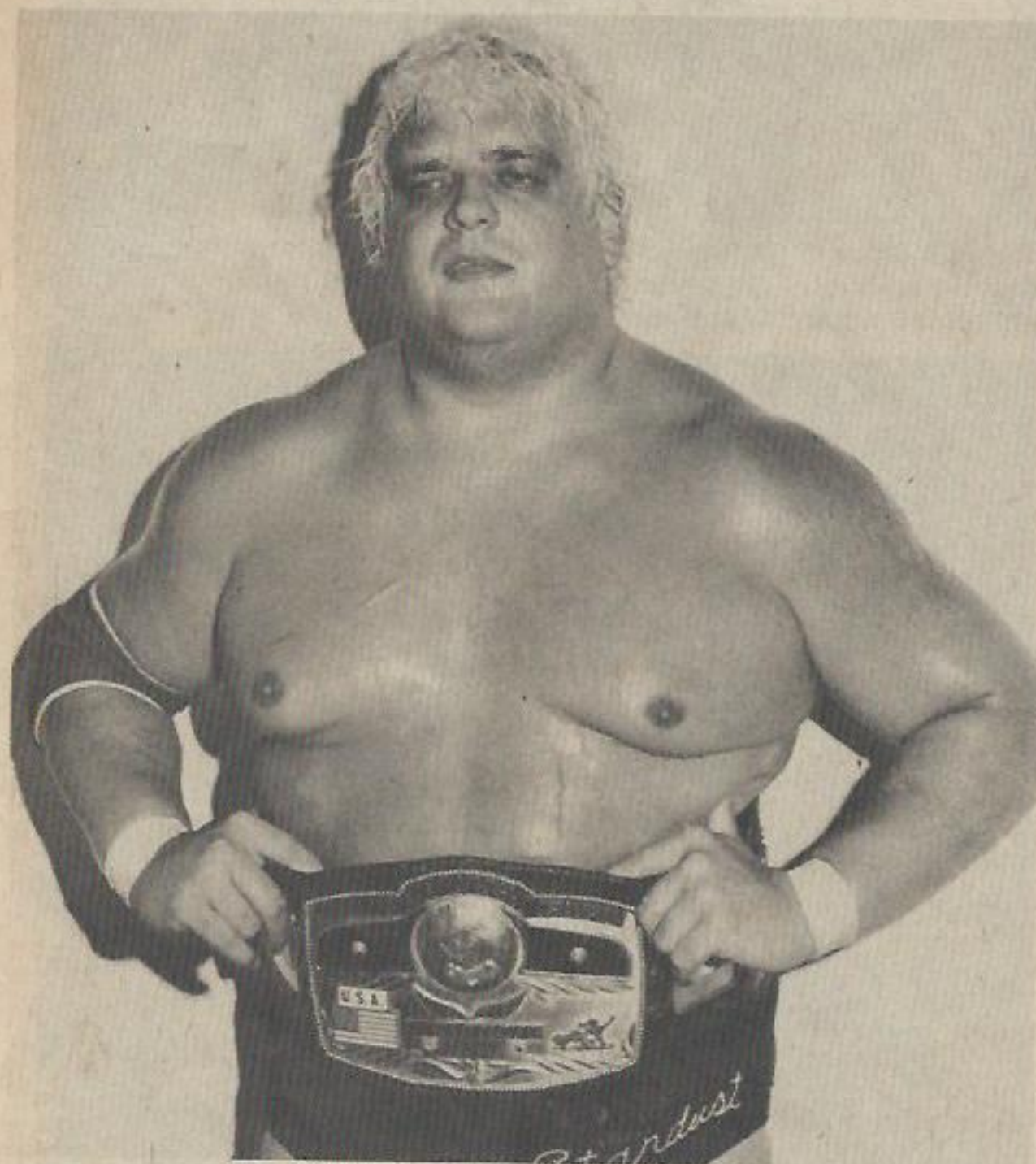
I've always tried to do. I look on Mil's style as an ideal towards which I can strive.

Furthermore, I have never wrestled against Mil before, so

(Continued on page 58)

Rulebreakers Declare War

THE PERILED EXISTENCE OF CHAMPION DUSTY RHODES

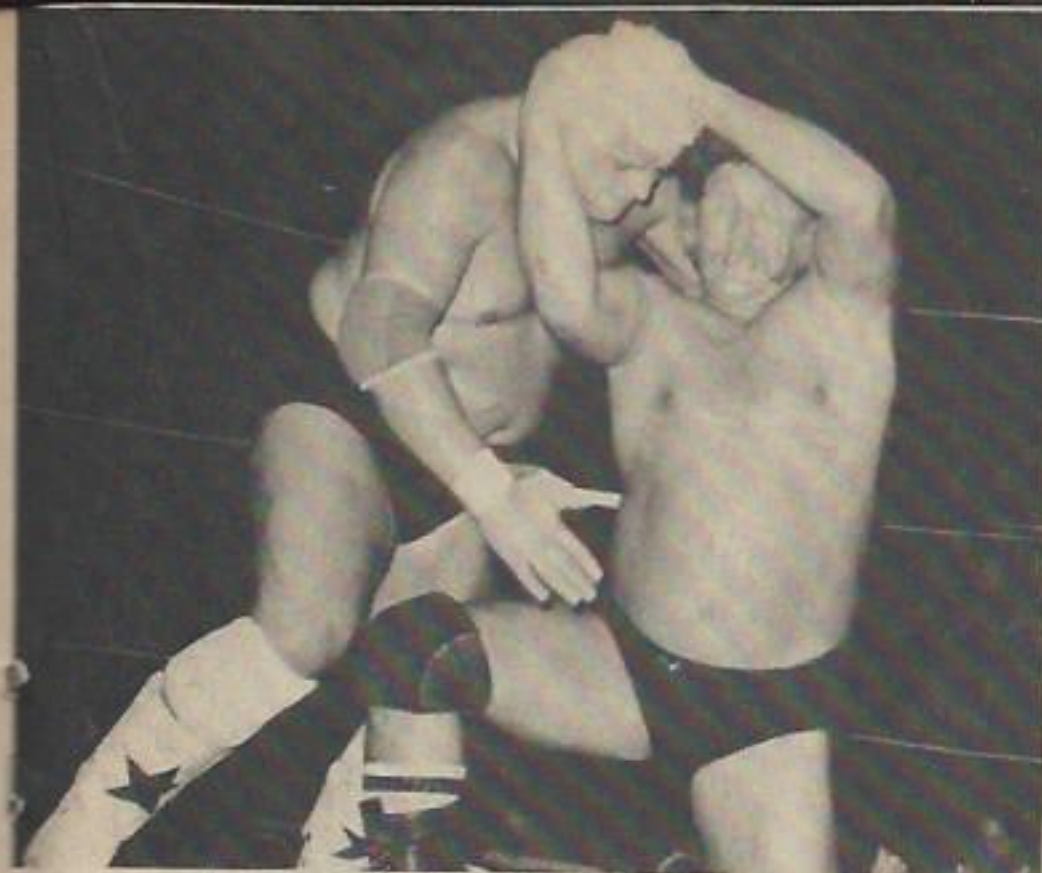


The room is dark. The walls meet at odd angles, making it impossible to see where they join. There are no doors, but Dusty Rhodes senses danger lurking everywhere. He hears a voice; it sounds like Harley Race. Dusty turns, only to hear Ivan Koloff laugh. Rhodes wants to see if they're hiding in the corners, but he can't move his feet. Hands are wrapped around his ankles, the gnarled hands of Terry Funk. A body hurtles at him. Jimmy Snuka's twisted smile seems to freeze in the air.

IN A COLD sweat, Dusty Rhodes awakens. The nightmare has plagued him once again. It's not hard to understand why his sleep is haunted. He is the target of one of the most concentrated assaults in wrestling history.

Ever since Dusty won the NWA belt, the sport's most dangerous grapplers have been out to get him. Those who have sworn to take the title from Dusty include Terry Funk, Dory Funk Jr., Roddy Piper, Ivan Koloff, Jimmy Snuka,

Dusty Rhodes has a new championship. He also has a lot of new enemies more than willing to cripple him for even the slightest excuse. Can the American Dream survive the brutal challenges to his title sworn by wrestling's most vicious and sadistic rulebreakers?



Never has a champion started his reign with such a qualified list of enemies. Former champions Harley Race (above left) and Terry Funk (above right), along with wrestling's strongest man, Ken Patera (below), are combining forces in an effort to destroy the "American Dream."



and ex-champion Harley Race. These men are united in their determination to unseat Rhodes.

Regularly, these men meet to plan strategy. They share plans and observations. For the first time in their lives, these wrestlers are actually generous with information. Ivan Koloff has actually helped Jimmy Snuka. The thought of Koloff helping anybody has led more than one person to fear the Judgement Day is near.

"I hate Dusty Rhodes," Koloff says simply. "I intend to be the man to take the title from him. If not, I'm willing to help anyone else grab his belt. Watching that fat clown prance about with the belt makes me sick. I can't believe he's the champion. It's a disgrace!"

Terry Funk broke Dusty's arm the last time Rhodes had the title. It was because of this injury that Harley Race had an easy time regaining the belt. While Terry still believes it's all for one, he thinks this time the one should be him.

"Yeah, I did the dirty work last time," he says, "and by that I don't mean I wrestled dirty. It's just that I took the chances. Race got his title back and I don't begrudge it to him. This time, though, I think somebody else should take the

(Continued on page 62)

HOTSEAT

KEN PATERA:

"I MAY HAVE TO RETIRE THE GEORGIA TITLE"

KEN PATERA IS one of the living legends of professional wrestling. His career has brought him to fans all across the country and all around the world, as well as having brought him many regional titles. An Olympic weightlifter, Patera has often been characterized as "the world's strongest man." Currently, Patera holds the Georgia title, but as you will learn from reading this interview, he is dissatisfied with the situation in the Peachtree State . . . and may voluntarily retire the title.

INTERVIEW CONDUCTED
BY STU SAKS

Q: Ken, let's get right down to business. Rumors are circulating all through the WWF, and all through the

reporting community, that you are ready to retire the Georgia title.

A: That's right, Stu, I'm ready to chuck it right on out of here.

“
I've never had the gross displeasure of being involved in such a ridiculous excuse for a title, and with such a bunch of ridiculous excuses for wrestlers . . .
”

Q: Why?

A: To put it simply, the Georgia title is a waste of my time. I've held a lot of regional titles, as you well know, but I've

never had the gross displeasure of being involved in such a ridiculous excuse for a title, and with such a bunch of ridiculous excuses for wrestlers as exist down here.

Q: Well, that should make life pretty easy for you down here.

A: Stu, it's *too* easy. That's the whole trouble, there's absolutely no competition for me. You know, in any profession, you've gotta keep in practice if you wanna stay on top. Especially in sports, you've gotta keep testing yourself against better and better athletes if you wanna improve yourself.

Q: And here?

A: I'm going nowhere. Hell, I could stay here for the rest of my life and swat these flies



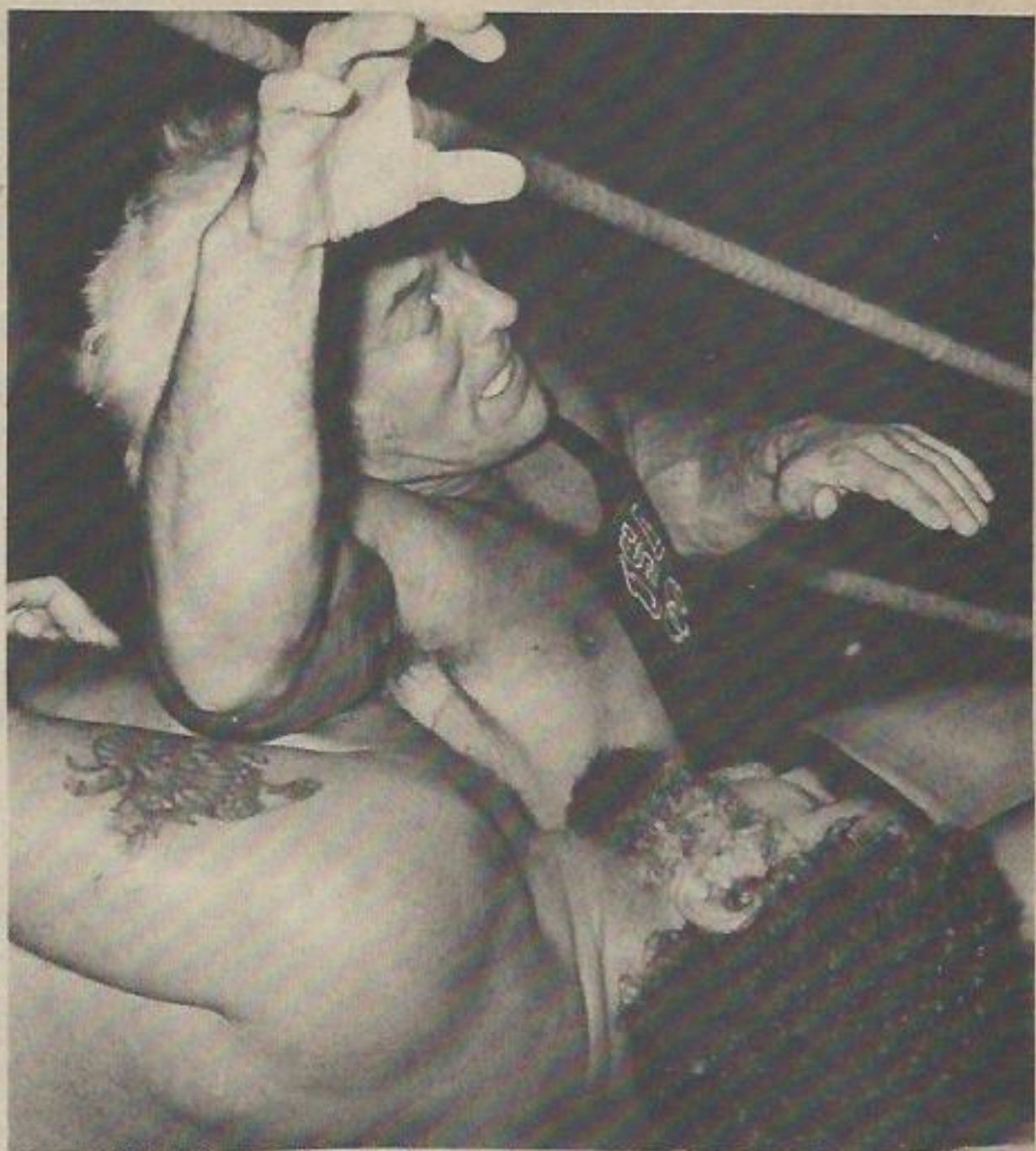
“
I think that even with six months of intensive training from the best men he could find on this earth, Rich wouldn't even be good enough to be called an awful wrestler.
”

that think they're wrestlers every once in a while when they come around. But give me a break! Inside of a year I'll be so out of shape from lack of competition that I hate to even think what it would be like.

Q: What about Tommy Rich?

A: Aw, Stu, I said competition. Did you see my title match with him? Sure, Rich complained a lot, he made sure that there was some question about the title, but that was only to make himself look as good as possible, which is still pretty awful. I mean, come on! I won that title fair and square, and it was certainly not the toughest match I ever had in the ring, I'll tell you that right now.

Q: You don't think, say if Rich went into intensive training



Patera claims that Harley Race was involved in a conspiracy to deny him the NWA title. Patera drops his huge right tricep across the chest of the former champion.

for a while and came back to try and regain the title, you don't think he'd have any chance?

A: I think that even with six months of intensive training from the best men he could find on this earth, Rich wouldn't even be good enough to be called an awful wrestler. He's just the worst, and no amount of help is gonna make him any good.

Q: What about Ted DiBiase or Steve O?

A: More ridiculous excuses for wrestlers. If Ted and Steve formed a tag team, my grandmother could probably take them on single-handed and win. You have no concept about how bad these people are! Everybody hears about DiBiase, Steve O, or Race,

and thinks they're great. You're responsible for a lot of that.

Q: Me?

A: Well, when I say you I mean journalists. You personally are okay, you're down here interviewing me and at least getting some of the truth of what it's like here. But a lot of times I'll read these stories in magazines, something like "Tommy Rich Is the King of Georgia Wrestling." Man, I lose my lunch over stuff like that. If anything, maybe he's the *Queen* of Georgia wrestling!

Q: Do you think Ric Flair or Blackjack Mulligan might offer you a worthwhile match?

A: No. They're just like Steve O and DiBiase, third-rate zeroes who can't even get out of their



own way. I'm talking about finding somebody who can get into the ring with me and at least make me break sweat. Somebody that it'll take me more than two or three minutes to finish off. I'm looking for someone who will really give me a test, to really put up a scrap. If there's anybody like that around, they're sure not wrestling down here in Georgia!

Q: You sound pretty discouraged.

A: Not discouraged: disgusted. How would you feel if you were Gerry Cooney and they kept sending you all these flyweights? It's ridiculous, that's all there is to it. Something's gonna have to happen soon. Either there's gonna be some competition around here, or I'll have to leave this place, let the swine fight for the title among themselves.

Q: Alright, now that we've cleared the air with that, let me quickly ask you about another problem you seem to be having, and that's a world title. You've had title shots with Race, with Bruno, and with Backlund. What goes on?

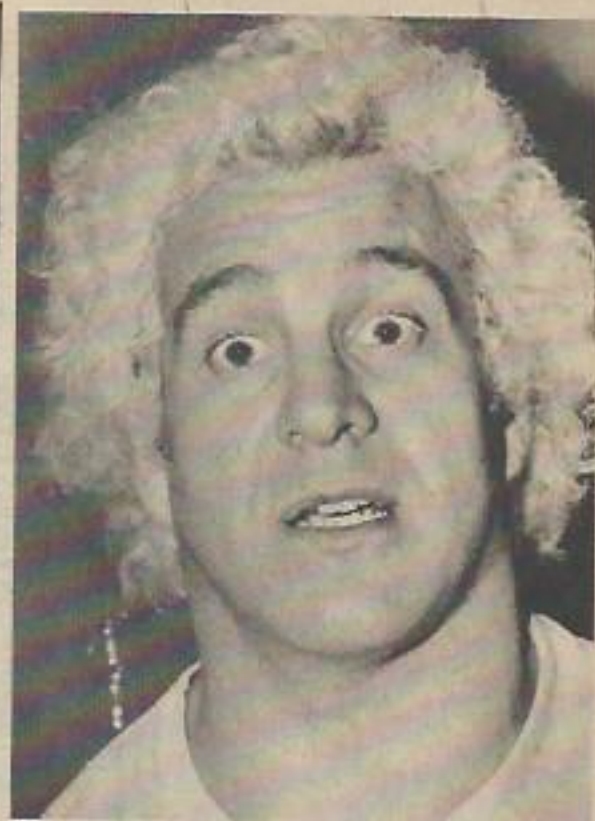
Also involved in the "conspiracy" are Bob Backlund and Bruno Sammartino, whom Race battles (above and below).



A: Oh, boy, those three snakes. I've got their numbers, and wouldn't you know that Race is in on it, too?

Q: What are you talking about?

A: Only the biggest conspiracy since creation, the fact that those three continually pay off referees, continually set up matches, continually make sure that the outcome is in *their* favor before I even step into the ring. I'm telling you right now, those three have a



“

Either there's gonna be some competition around here, or I'll have to leave this place, let the swine fight for the title among themselves.

”

conspiracy going against me. It's shown itself in each and every title match I've had with any of them, and I'll prove it someday if it takes all my energy and all my time.

Q: Ken, is there anybody else you would like to go one on one with in the ring?

A: Yeah, that junior pasta-brained Sammartino. I've been in the ring with his old man, and he's almost as bad as these jokers in Georgia. Not quite as inept as Race, but pretty close. I'll soon see Bruno's kid in the ring, and the fans will see a lot of red . . . and it won't be spaghetti sauce, either.

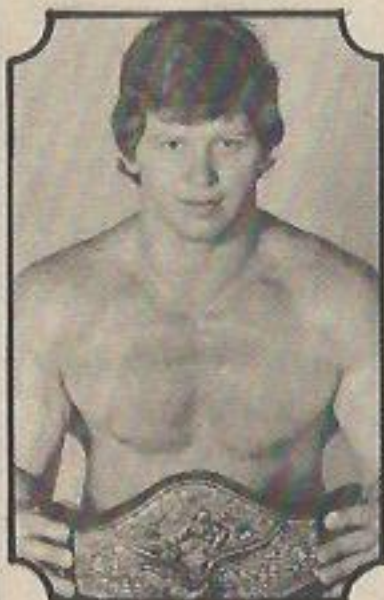
Q: Ken, thanks very much for the interview.

A: Anytime, Stu, always glad to bring the truth to the wrestling fans. □

INSIDE WRESTLING'S OFFICIAL RATINGS

These Ratings Are Compiled With The Assistance Of Top Wrestlers, Promoters,
And Reporters. They Are Universally Accepted As Official

World Wrestling Federation

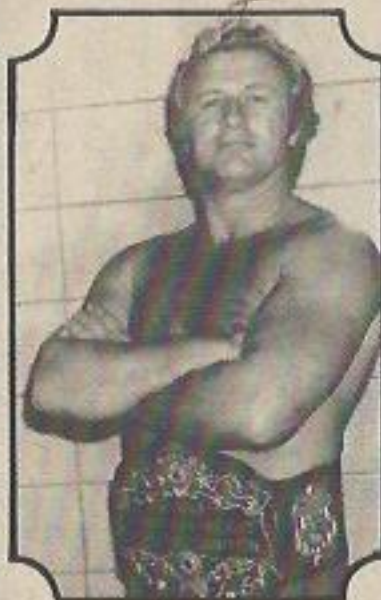


Champion:
BOB BACKLUND

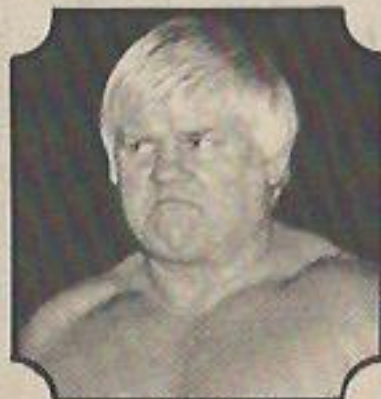


1—GEORGE STEELE

American Wrestling Association

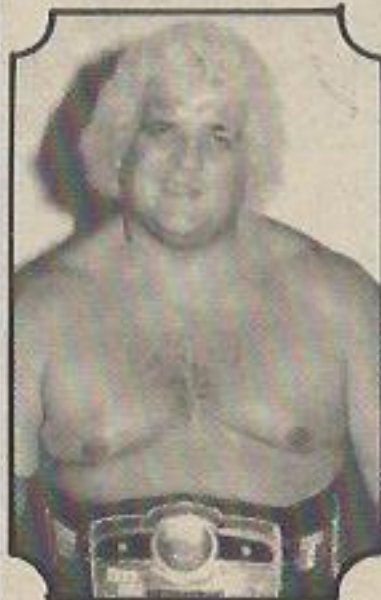


Champion:
NICK BOCKWINKEL



1—CRUSHER

National Wrestling Alliance



Champion:
DUSTY RHODES



1—HARLEY RACE

Most Popular Wrestlers

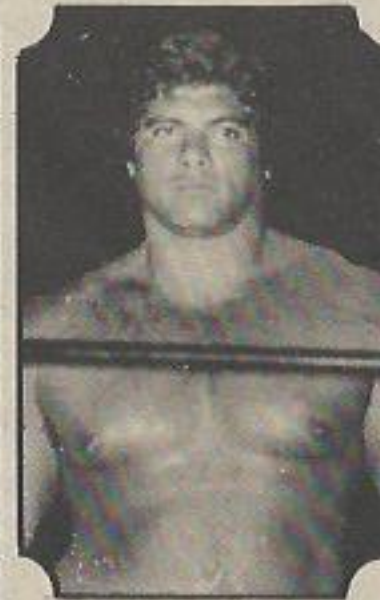


1—DUSTY RHODES



2—ANDRE THE GIANT

Most Hated Wrestlers



1—MAGNIFICENT
MURACO



2—CRUSHER
BLACKWELL

Tag Teams



1—OLE & GENE
ANDERSON





2—MAGNIFICENT
MURACO



3—KING KONG
MOSCA

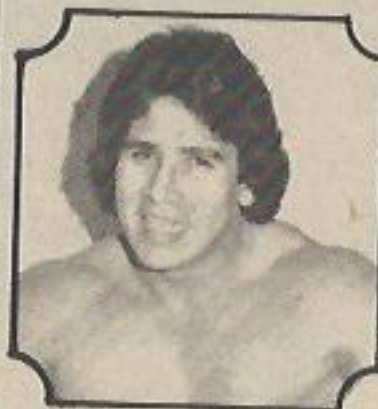


4—GREG VALENTINE

- 5—KILLER KHAN
- 6—MIL MASCARAS
- 7—PEDRO MORALES
- 8—PAT PATTERSON
- 9—SGT. SLAUGHTER
- 10—RICK MARTEL



2—DINO BRAVO



3—TITO SANTANA



4—GREG GAGNE

- 5—BARON VON
RASCHKE
- 6—JOHN STUDD
- 7—SHEIK ADNAN AL-
KAISSIE
- 8—JIM BRUNZELL
- 9—CRUSHER
BLACKWELL
- 10—CHAVO
GUERRERO



2—RODDY PIPER



3—KEN PATERA



4—DORY FUNK JR.

- 5—IVAN KOLOFF
- 6—TOMMY RICH
- 7—TED DiBIASE
- 8—RIC FLAIR
- 9—MR. WRESTLING II
- 10—LES THORNTON



3—MIL MASCARAS



4—BRUNO
SAMMARTINO

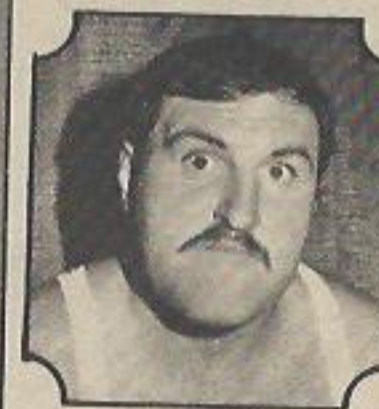


5—BOB BACKLUND

- 6—TOMMY RICH
- 7—TED DiBIASE
- 8—RIC FLAIR
- 9—IVAN PUTSKI
- 10—LEROY BROWN



3—SUPER
DESTROYER



4—SGT. SLAUGHTER

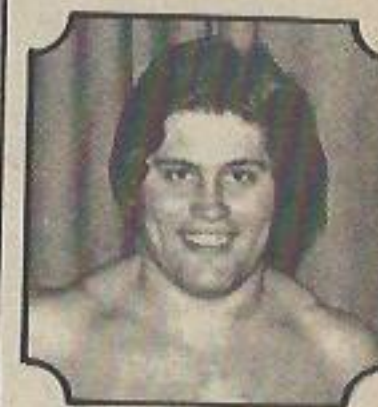


5—HARLEY RACE

- 6—KING KONG
MOSCA
- 7—ABDULLAH THE
BUTCHER
- 8—KEN PATERA
- 9—KEVIN SULLIVAN
- 10—ERNIE LADD



2—THE MOONDOGS

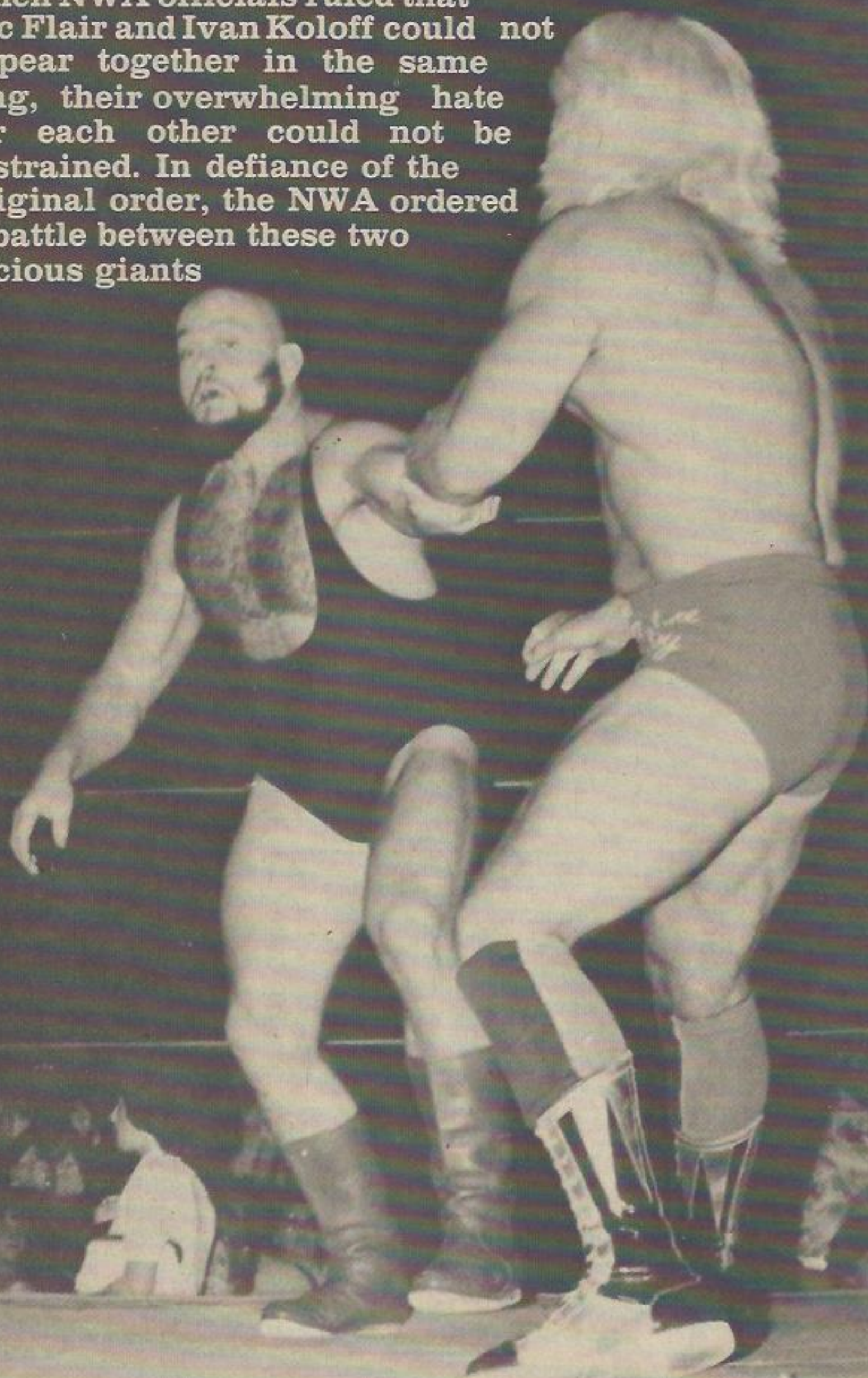


3—GREG GAGNE
& JIM BRUNZELL

- 4—TED DiBIASE &
STEVE O
- 5—THE ASSASSINS
- 6—THE SAMOANS
- 7—CHRIS MARKOFF
& NIKOLAI VOLKOFF
- 8—DICK MURDOCH
& JUNKYARD DOG
- 9—GINO HERNANDEZ
& TULLY BLANCHARD
- 10—EDDIE GILBERT &
RICK MORTON

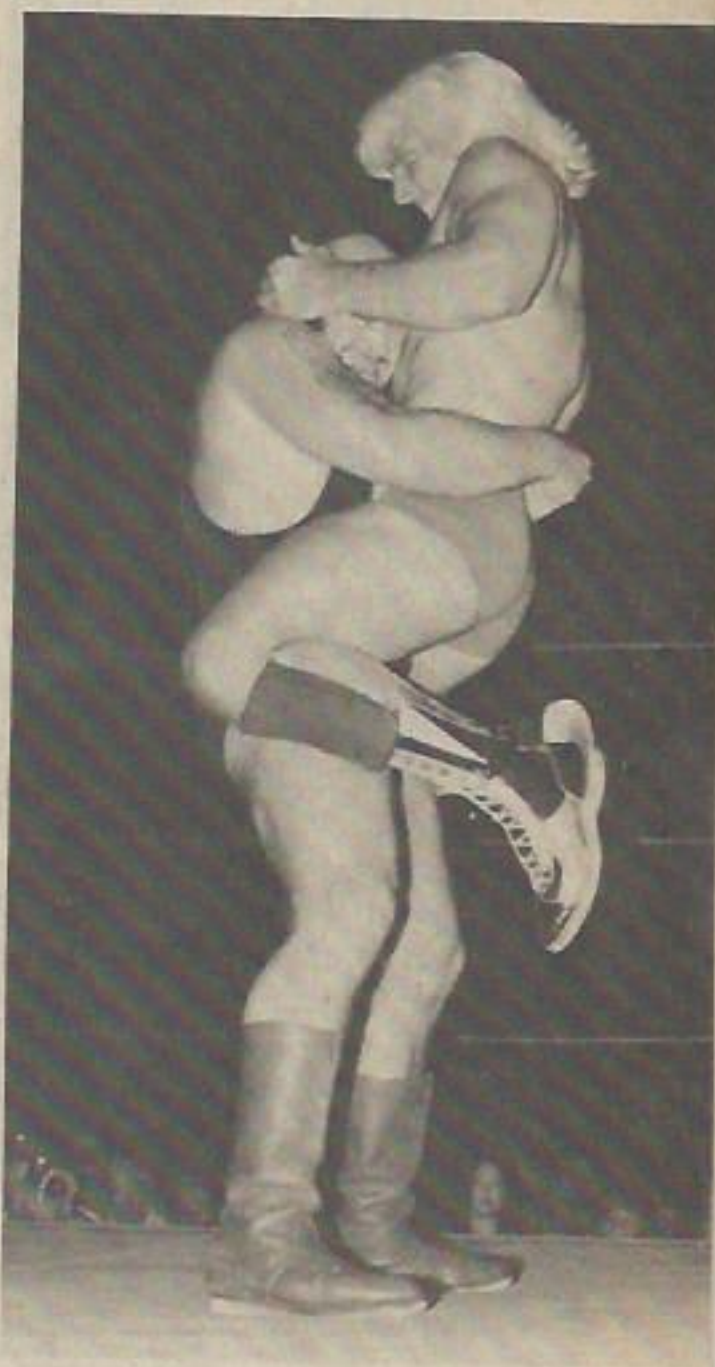
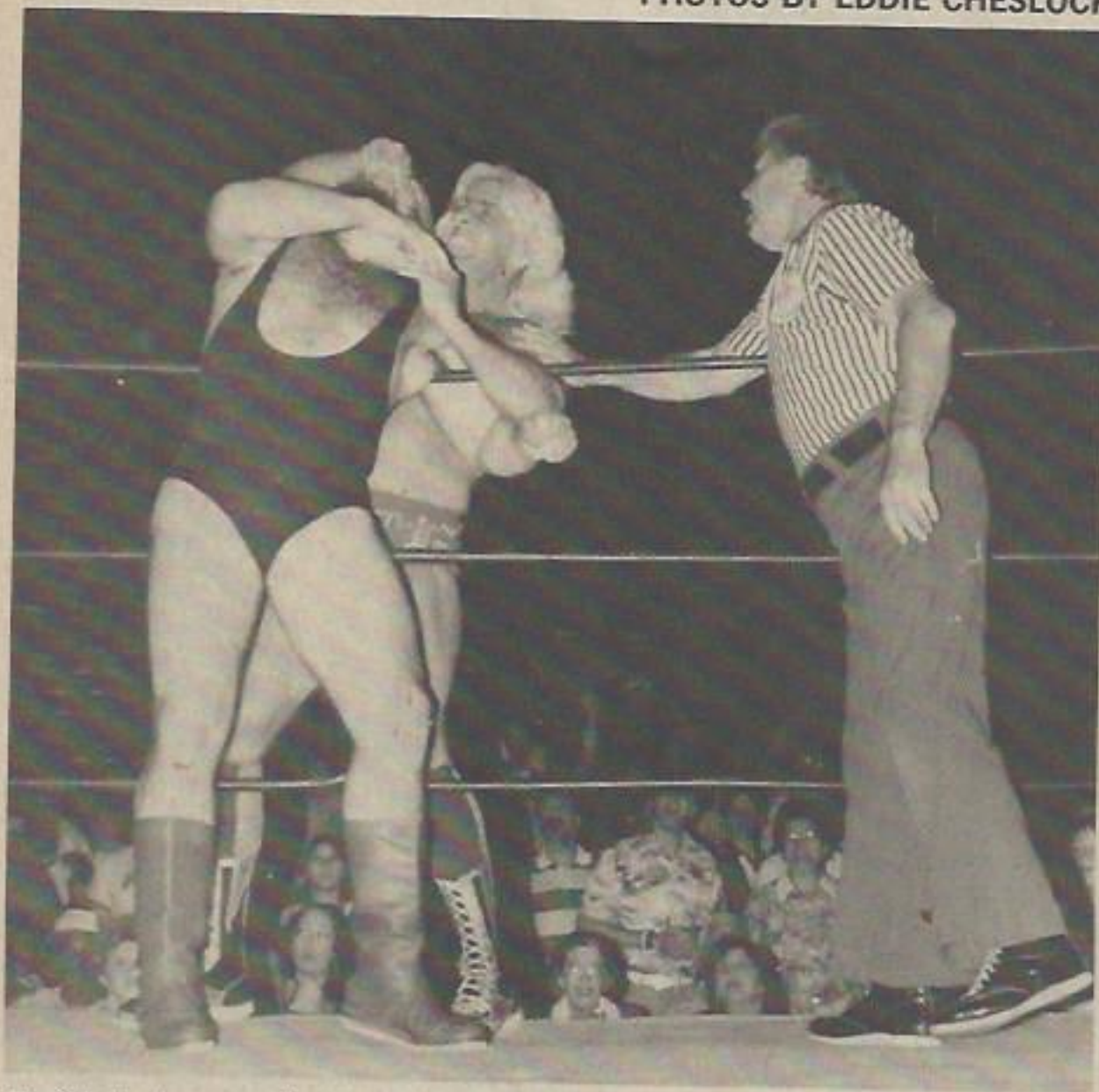
Flair vs. Koloff:

When NWA officials ruled that Ric Flair and Ivan Koloff could not appear together in the same ring, their overwhelming hate for each other could not be restrained. In defiance of the original order, the NWA ordered a battle between these two vicious giants



THE BRAWL THE NWA DEMANDED

PHOTOS BY EDDIE CHESLOCK



Their hatred was such that keeping them apart would be useless. They had to meet head on to rid themselves of the built up rage. Flair attempts to pull Koloff out of the ring by his nostrils (above). The Russian Bear applies a Russian bearhug (right).

THE RUNNING BATTLE between Ric Flair and Ivan Koloff had developed into an unmanageable situation. The continued treachery of one man against the other had thrown the entire NWA into a state of chaos, and there was only one way to resolve the madness.

Oh, you mean you didn't hear? You say you've been too busy watching reruns of *Gilligan's Island* to know about the terror that's been taking place under your very nose? Well, listen up, because it's not every day that the

NWA president has to step in and take control over a bitter feud that's become thoroughly uncontrollable.

The rule had been declared by NWA president Jim Crockett: Flair and Koloff must never appear together in the same arena.

"The whole thing was getting out of hand," explained Crockett. "First Koloff would be at an arena where Flair was wrestling, and he'd see that Flair was ahead. Well, this nut would come storming into the ring and start attacking Ric from behind. Totally illegal, of course.

Alright, so maybe this can happen once. But it didn't.

"Before you know it," continued Crockett, "Flair was out for revenge. He pulled the same stunt on Koloff. From there, hell, it took off like a rocket. Every chance they'd get, they'd be out interfering in each other's matches. They were trying to screw things up pretty bad, and they succeeded."

For a while, though, there didn't seem to be much that anyone, least of all Crockett, could do about it.

"That ridiculous Russian just

Flair fires a chopping right (below) and an uppercut (right). Ric gasps for air as Koloff drives his shoulder into the blond's midsection (opposite top). Koloff struggles to the ropes, forcing Flair to release his figure-four leglock (opposite bottom).

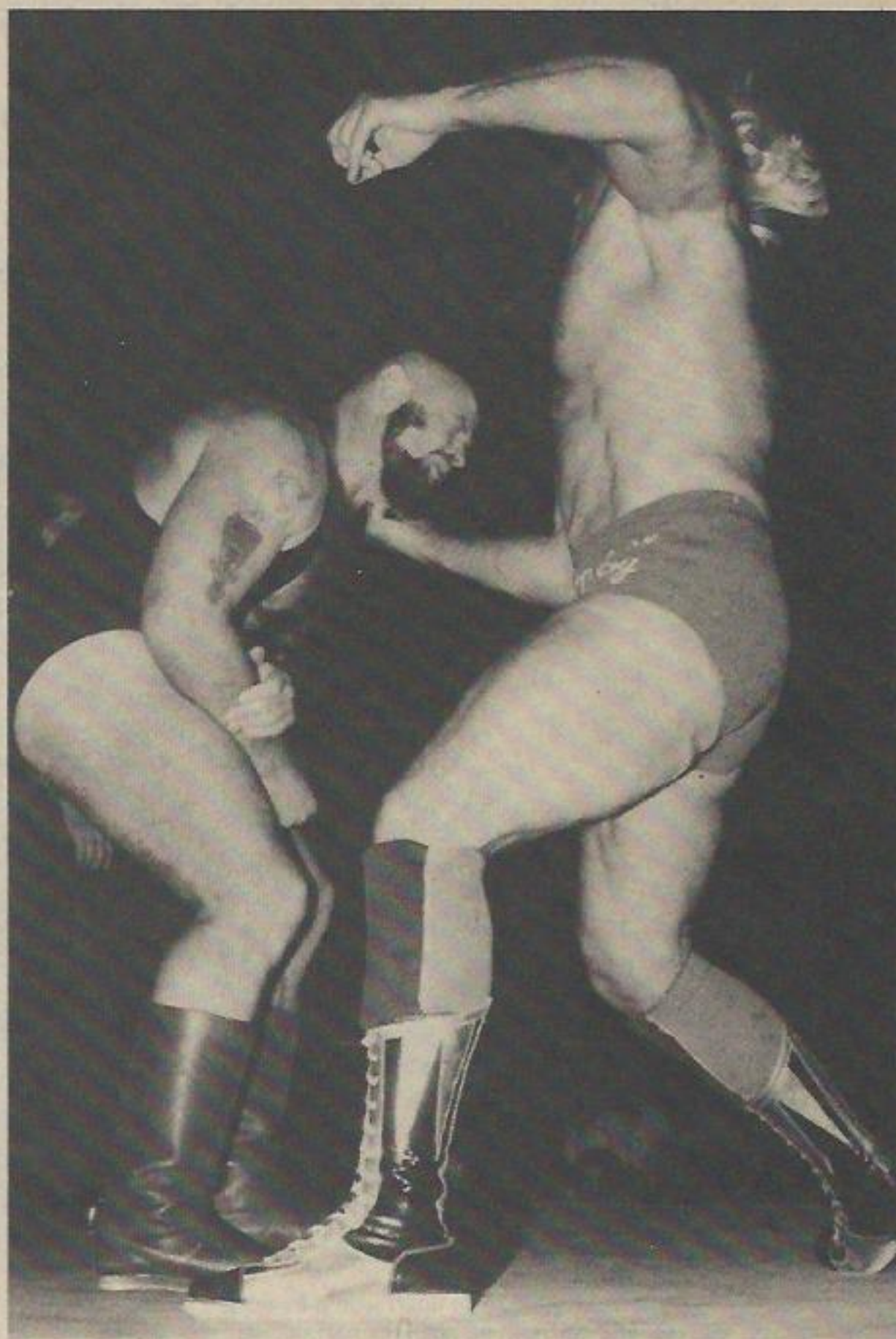


wouldn't stop," said Flair, "so I had no other choice but to give the scum a taste of his own medicine. I guess he didn't like it much."

"That lackey pig Flair," spat Koloff, "he's just an insignificant tool of capitalist oppressiveness. The pig does not deserve to exist in the same honored sport as myself."

The rift that was developing in the NWA called for some sort of definite action by Crockett. A special match was decided upon, in which the new rule would be rescinded, and the wrestlers allowed to decide for themselves, in the ring, the outcome of their feud.

"Just let these two goons battle it out," said Crockett, "and everyone will see who the eventual victor is. I mean, the NWA just can't go on like this. We have to settle the score somehow, no matter how bloody and brutal the match turns out to be."



Bloody and brutal it was, as both Flair and Koloff seemed to decide that it was a "winner take all" match. Flair attempted many times to use his brutal figure-four leglock, but Koloff was too angered, too insanely agitated to be held.

Accounts of the actual match differ. Depending on where in the arena one sat, it could have been either wrestler ahead at any given time. One fact about the match is indisputable, though: it did end in a bloody display of sadistic violence, with fans as far back as the fifth row being splattered by blood, and

a double disqualification being ruled as a result of the unbridled mayhem.

"I've never seen anything like it before," said referee Wildhouse Fargo, who had the grand misfortune of trying to control the action "Their hate for each other must run pretty deep for them to be squaring off the way they did. It's awesome, it really is. No, actually it's pretty disgusting."

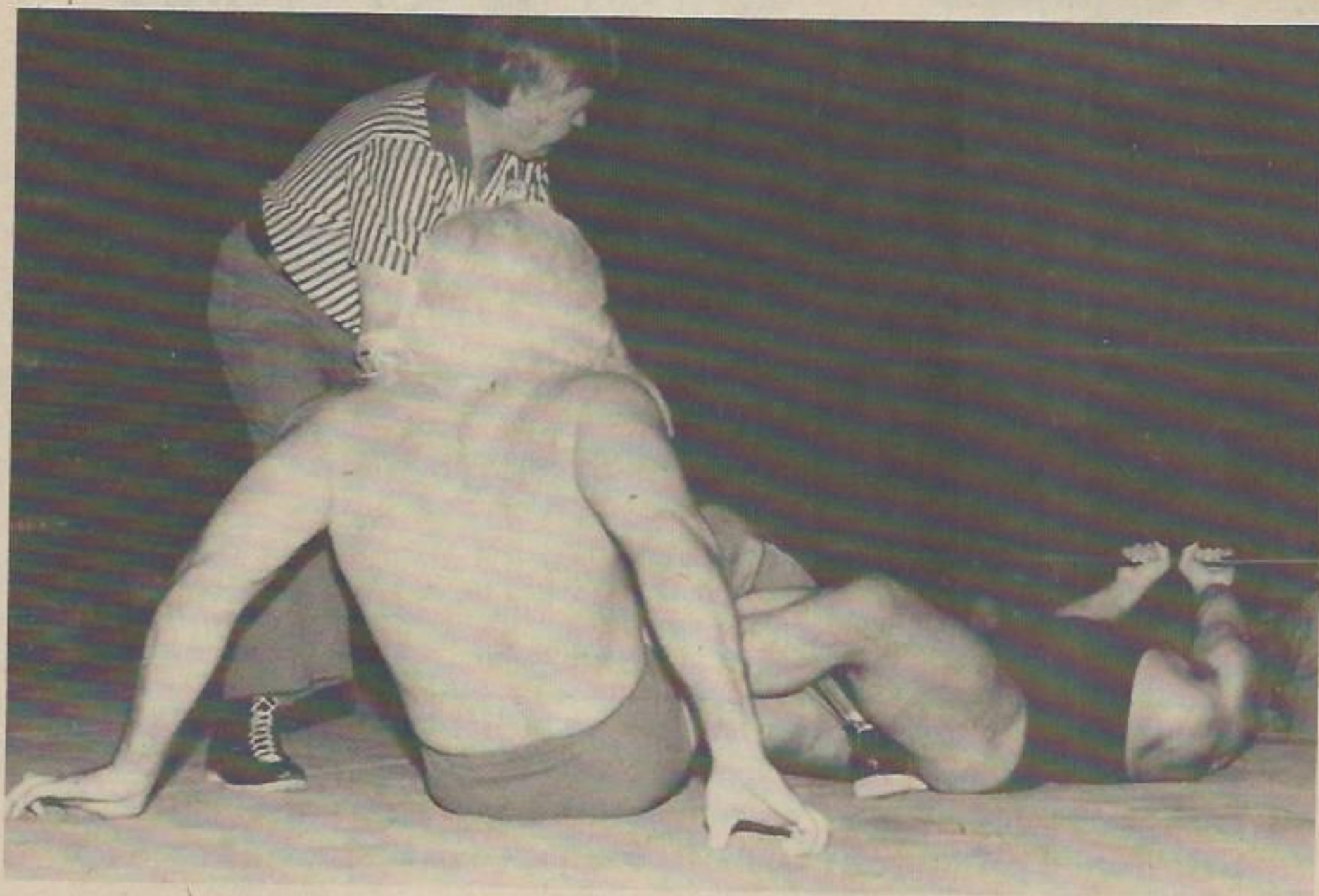
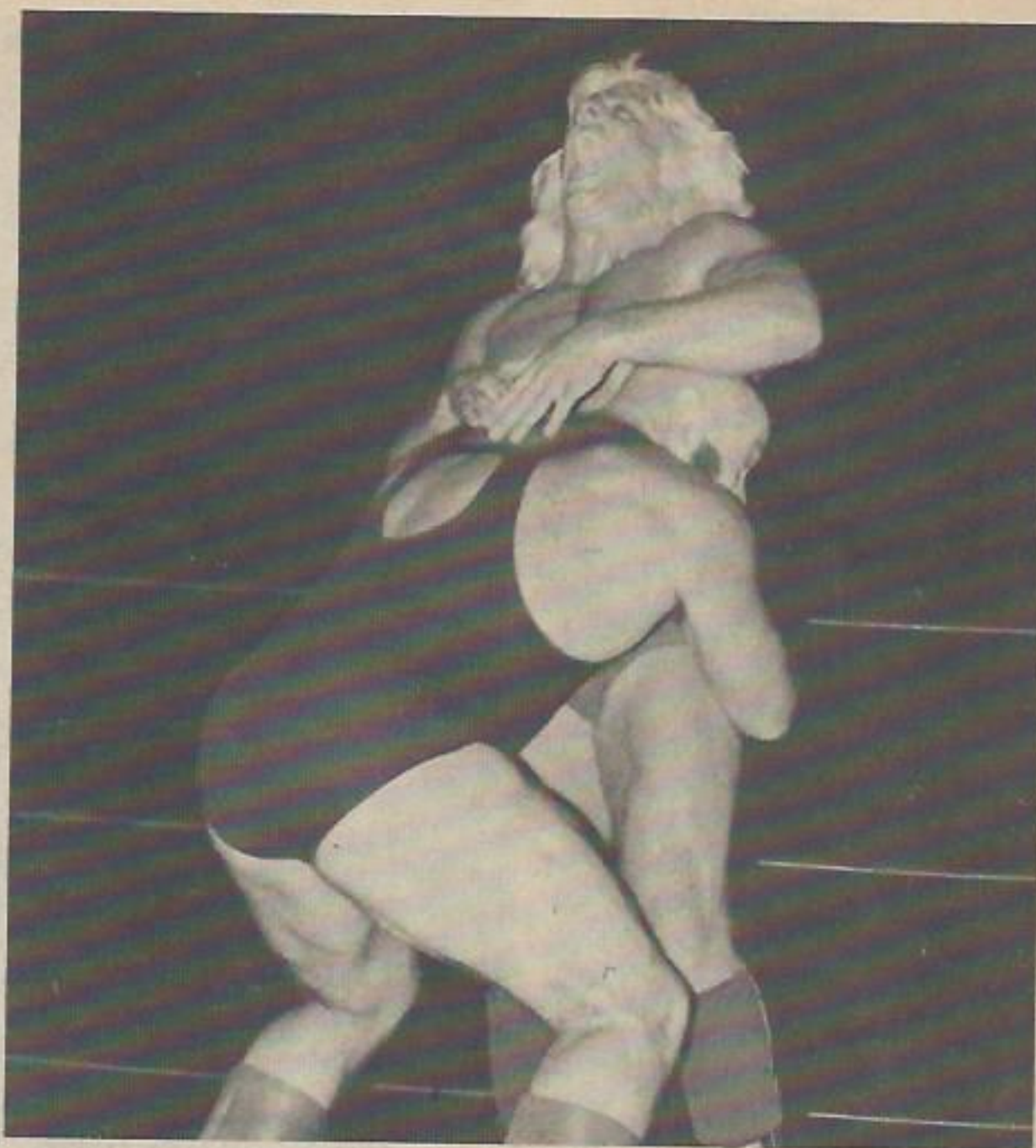
"That rancid product of Americanized ideological ignorance!" screamed Koloff following the match, "he denied me my rightful place as glorious victor

here tonight! That dog will pay. I will get my hands on that dog Flair, and he will dearly pay, more so than he did tonight."

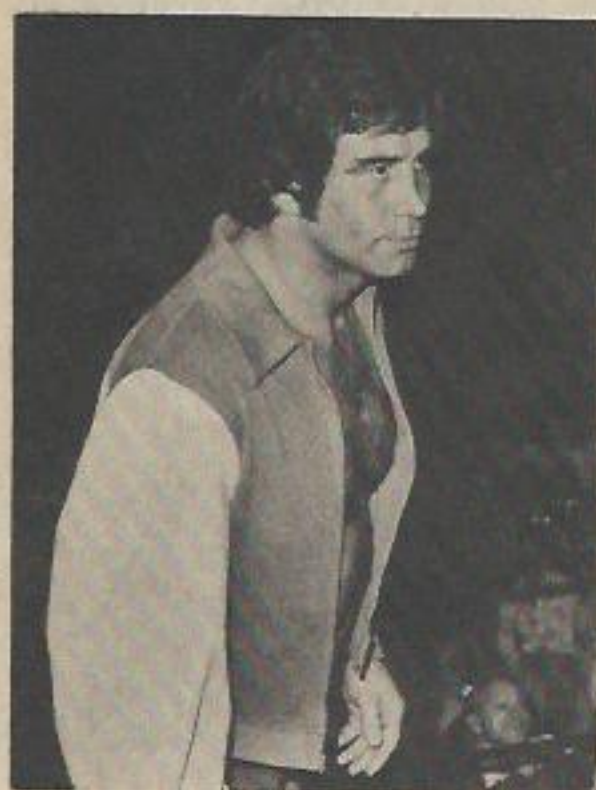
Ric Flair, however, didn't seem very worried. In fact, he welcomed a possible rematch with the Russian Bear.

"I want that Russian trash," snarled Flair, "and I want him bad. Koloff got off easy tonight. He took a good beating and some of his blood spilled on the canvas. But this is gonna feel good compared to what I'll do to him if we ever meet again. That's all there is to it: Koloff must be eliminated."

For now, though, the collective rage of Koloff and Flair seems to have been vented by the incredible match ordered by Crockett. But it seems inevitable that in the very near future, that rage will again rise to the breaking point. When it does, there may have to be another brutal faceoff. Next time, it may not end in just a double disqualification. Next time, both wrestlers may not be so lucky. □



ONE ON



JACK BRISCO

(For the past decade, the families of Funk and Brisco have been locked in a bitter feud. At the center of this continuing battle stand Dory Funk Jr. and Jack Brisco. Dory lost his NWA belt to Jack and has never forgiven Brisco or himself. Today, the two men find themselves enemies in Florida. And from their respective training sites, they converse.)

DORY FUNK JR.:

Things are the way they should be now. I have a title and you don't. This one I keep.

JACK BRISCO:

Too bad it doesn't matter to you how you keep it.

DF: Here we go, Jack Brisco the

choirboy. Can't you miss one chance to say what a fair, scientific wrestler you are? Why do we have to hear this



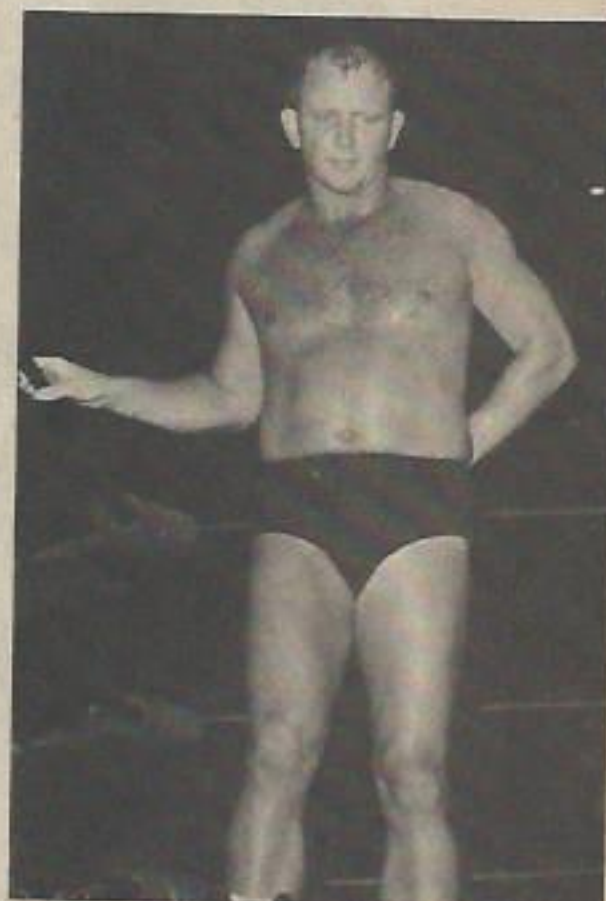
Picturephones courtesy of Bell Telephone

Every month the telephone wires will crackle as two top grapplers rage and argue. We'll print the unedited transcript of their conversations, giving the fans a privileged glimpse at wrestlers which can be found nowhere else

ON ONE



Simulated photos



DORY FUNK JR.

nonsense?

JB: There was a time when you didn't consider it nonsense. You were once one of the top scientific wrestlers around. I may never have liked you personally, but I always respected your abilities. Now, you're no better than a hungry preliminary wrestler who thinks breaking the rules is a shortcut to victory.

DF: Don't you ever gag on your own nobility? I've been in matches with you when you did anything and everything to keep your title. I remember more than one time when you purposely disqualified yourself to keep your title.

JB: C'mon, Dory, you know better than that. You used to be a respectable champion. There are certain things

professionals must do . . .

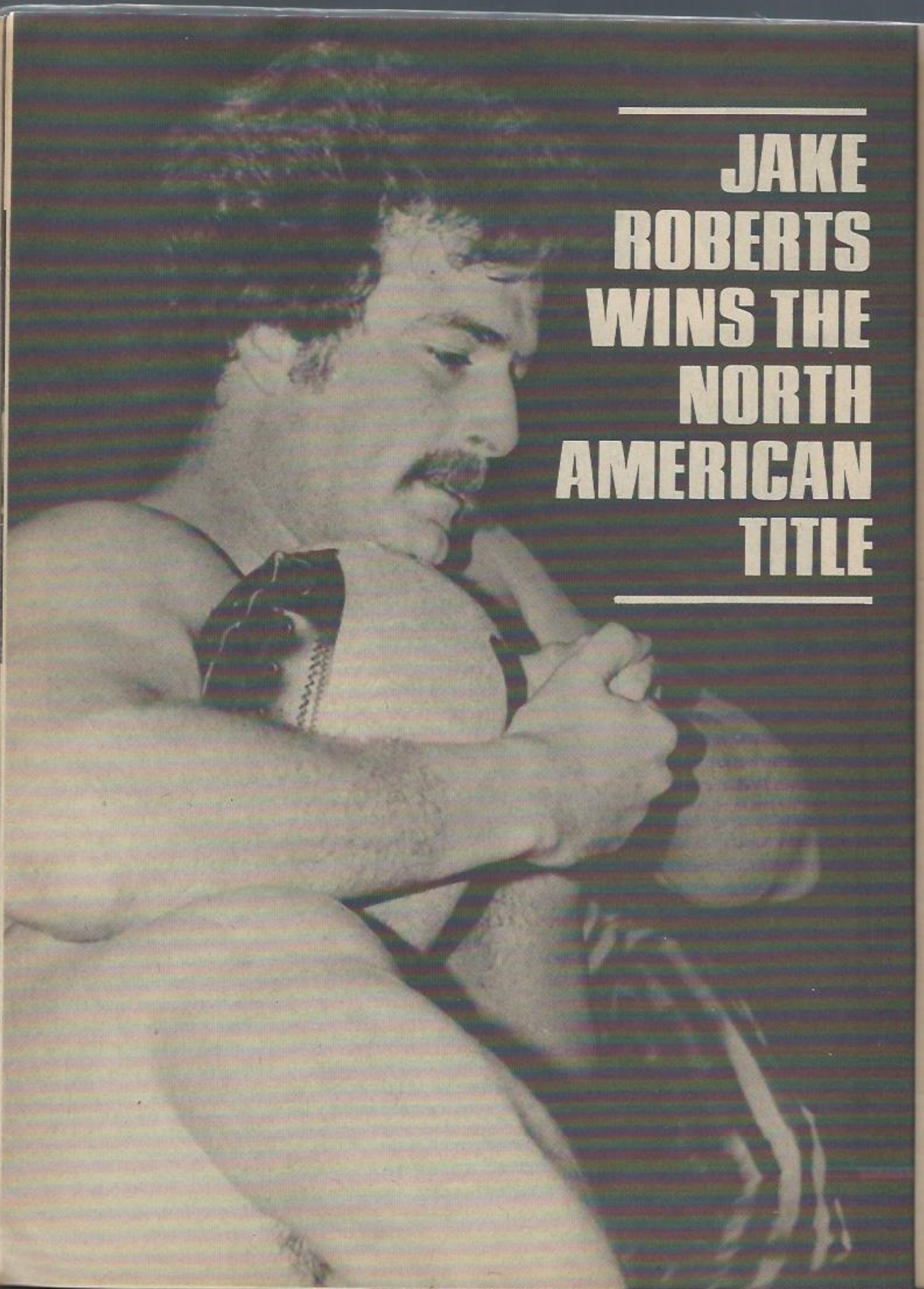
DF: Watch yourself, choirboy, you're close to being honest.

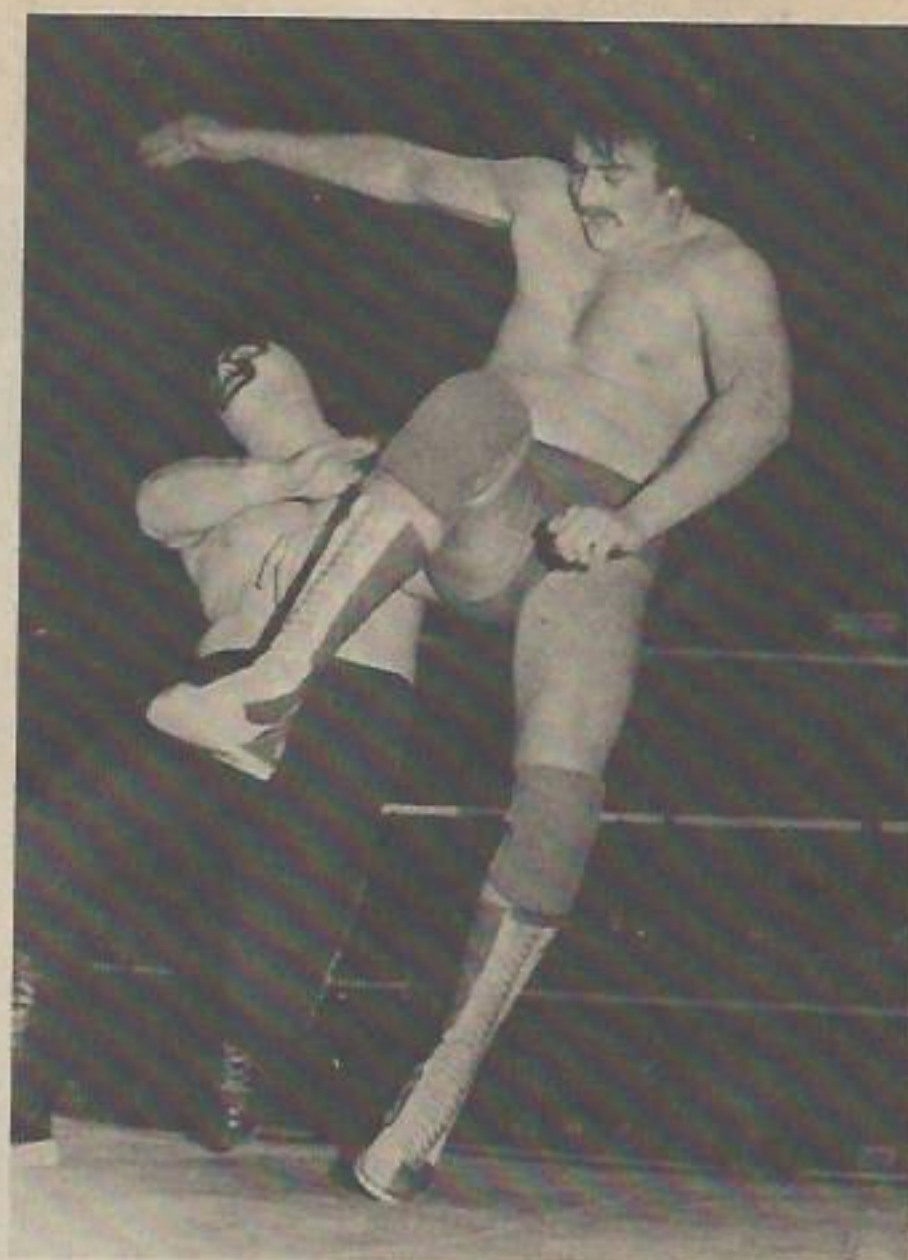
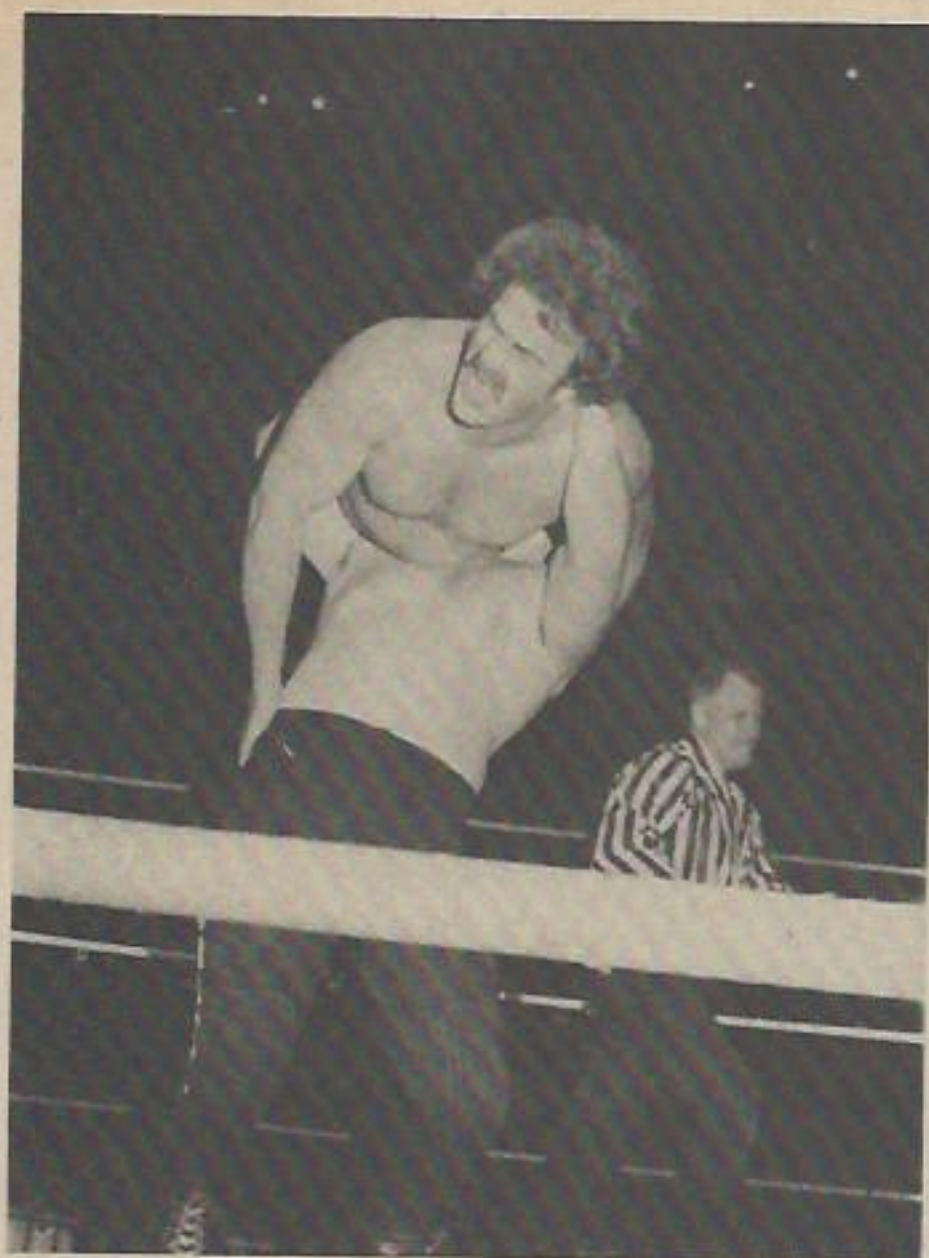
JB: You know as well as I there's a difference between professionalism and cheating.

DF: Not much difference. Why don't we be honest, pal? This is a business, just like an oil company or an automobile factory. Do those businessmen worry about being fair to their competitors? They want as much success as possible and let the other guy be damned. Well, that's the way I feel about it. If I can earn 10 percent more a year because I drove some bum out of the sport, that's his tough luck. Wrestling is no non-profit organization.

(Continued on page 64)

**JAKE
ROBERTS
WINS THE
NORTH
AMERICAN
TITLE**





Jake Roberts captured Masked Grappler's North American title, but he lost a long-time friend at the same time. Paul Orndorff, who was scheduled to be the challenger, overslept and lost his opportunity.

WHEN THE NORTH American championship title changed hands in New Orleans recently, there was strangely enough one winner . . . and two losers.

The Masked Grappler was a big loser. But then it's tough to call a man anything else but a loser when a title representing dominance of an entire continent is stripped from him.

Jake Roberts was a big winner. Although the decision remains marred by controversy, Roberts downed the Masked Grappler in a brutal match, thus earning the highly coveted title

of North American champion.

Paul Orndorff, though, was also a big loser. Instead of being pleased that his good friend Roberts is now champion, Orndorff has accused Roberts of stealing the title which should rightfully be his.

"That was MY match," said Orndorff, spitting each word out with coarse anger and hostility. "I was slated to wrestle The Masked Grappler! That slimy weasel Roberts, boy, I thought he was my friend. But no, he sneaks in behind my back, stealing away my title shot . . . my match . . . and steals a title

that should be rightfully mine!"

"What a crock," replied Roberts. "Orndorff is so lazy he probably would have gotten his ugly face smeared all over the mat. You know what he was doing when he was supposed to be down here wrestling? Sleeping! That lazy slob was sleeping! 'Ooh, I overslept,' he says . . . well tough luck, buddy. If he can't even drag himself out of bed, how does he expect to be able to stand up in the ring?"

In order to find out what actually happened, *Inside Wrestling* spoke to a number of New

(Continued on page 50)

The unanticipated price of victory may often be very high. Jake Roberts learned this painful lesson with a startling realization: what a man may gain in fame and power he may lose in friendship and self-respect. Often, the tradeoff simply isn't worth it

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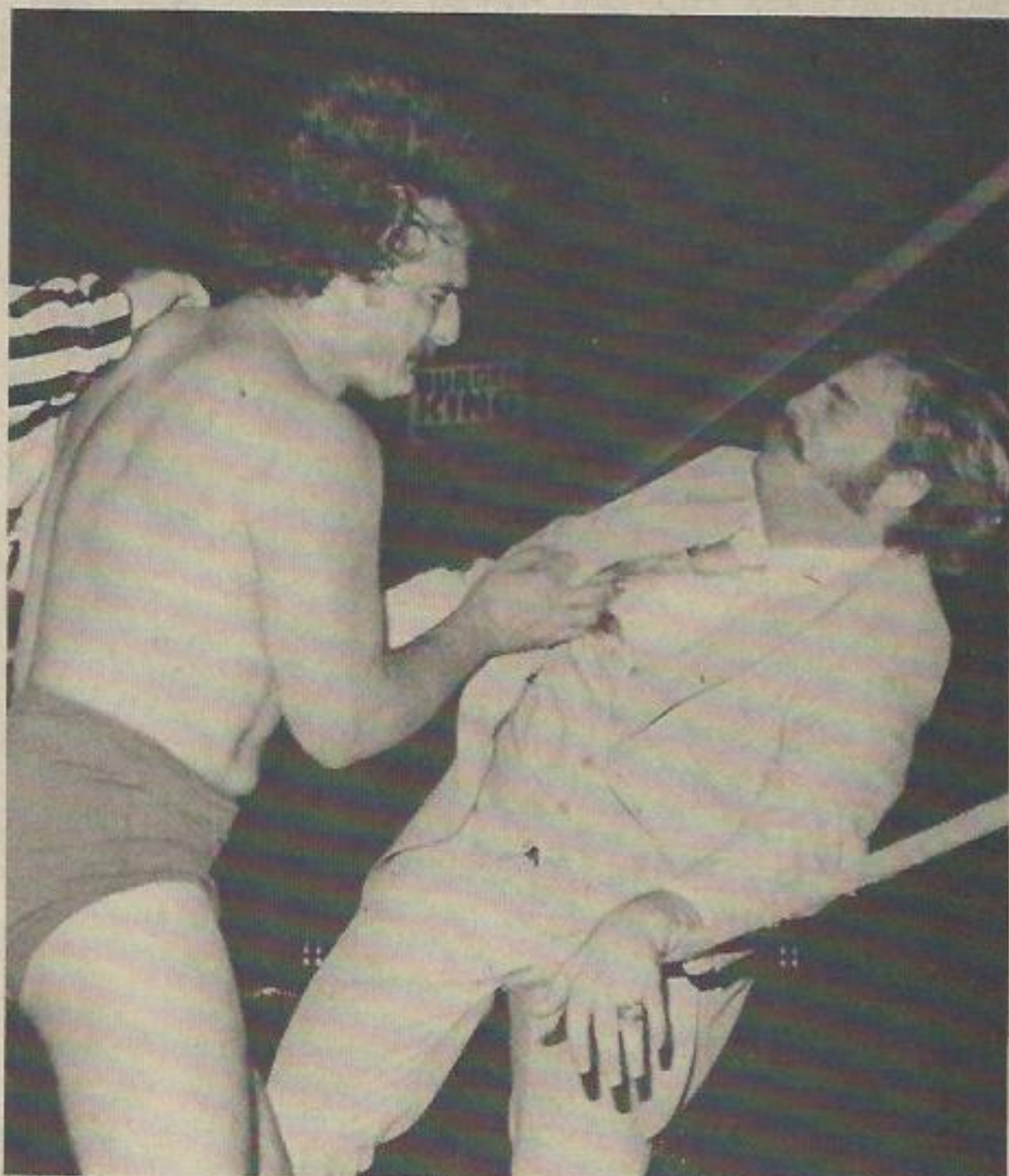
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JAKE ROBERTS

(Continued from Page 49)



Jake Roberts was not about to let Grappler's manager, Frank Dusek, get in the way of his title hopes. Roberts, who has long suffered with Dusek's interference, pushes the manager out of the ring.

Orleans area promoters and wrestling officials.

According to NWA rules, each wrestler must be at the arena and in the dressing rooms at least one hour prior to his match. Paul Orndorff, on the night of his scheduled match with The Masked Grappler, did not arrive at the arena. With no other recourse, straws were drawn to determine who would battle The Grappler for the North American title. As fate would have it, Jake Roberts, a close friend of Orndorff's, won the draw. A close friend, that is, until that night.

"The least Jake could have

done was to give me a call," fumed Orndorff. "I mean, hell, we're talking about a title shot here. Not even a dinky state title—the North American championship! Any of those guys that were there, it's not only Roberts. Those scum Don Diamond, Jim Garvin, that whole crew. None of 'em even tried to get me."

"That's got to be the sleaziest, lowest way I've ever seen of winning a title," continued Orndorff. "You know, I wouldn't even be surprised if Jake rigged the draw somehow, maybe paid off the guy who held the straws or something. He must have

wanted the title pretty bad if he had to sink so low to get it by cheating and turning on his friend."

The Masked Grappler wasn't very pleased by the events of the evening either.

"Roberts won by a fluke," The Grappler said. "There's no way he could have taken my title away any other day. I can smash him bloody 99 days out of 100. He was just lucky, that's all. And Orndorff? He was luckier than Roberts! If Orndorff had showed himself in the ring, he never would have made it out alive. He better forget about being sorry that he didn't wrestle me and count his blessings. If I ever see Orndorff in the ring it'll be his last match."

Immediately following the outbreak of this controversy, fans in New Orleans, and all across the country, were speculating on the possibilities of a Roberts-Orndorff match.

"You'd better believe it's gonna happen," sneered Orndorff. "I'm gonna get that snake Roberts in the ring someday soon, and when I do—well, both him and his bone specialist are gonna know what I did to him."

But Jake Roberts isn't afraid of any threats made against his newly acquired title. "I'm ready to defend all challenges," he said, "even from Orndorff, and even from The Masked Grappler if he wants another shot at it. But I don't even think Orndorff can get up enough courage to face me in the ring. And even if he gets up the courage, I doubt if he can get up the energy to get out of bed!"

"As for The Grappler," Roberts concluded, "he's all washed up. I stopped him in New Orleans, and I'll stop him again if I have to. I'm the North American champion, and I intend to keep this title for a long, long time." □

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ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 8)



Nick Bockwinkel and manager Bobby Heenan, two of the cockiest men in wrestling, have been warned by Peters that the truth will not elude him.

sciousness and channel it towards self-defense: karate, kung-fu, and ju-jitsu. I must decline to elaborate further on my experience there, for there may be people reading this against whom I may have to use my training in the future.

Finally, there were hundreds upon hundreds of hours of research and literary preparation. Matt Brock was highly instrumental in preparing me for my new assignment.

"Kid," he tells me, "I like your style. If I saw you walking down the street, I might take you for a disc jockey, or one of those lunatics that plays basketball on a unicycle in the circus... hell, *anything* but a wrestling reporter. That's gonna help you in this game, kid. Take advantage of it."

Why am I telling you all of this? Two reasons. First of all, I've been so involved in training and preparation that I haven't had time to go out on assignment yet... my first journey into the savage heart of the wrestling world will be documented here next issue.

Second, though, and most important: the readers deserve to know where they're getting their

news from. That's the bottom line with me: the readers. I don't mind bending the rules a little bit, if you know what I mean, if I have to do that to get the true inside story I'm assigned to report.

There's no way the truth is going to escape this reporter, Jack, and if there's a coverup going on to try and hide the truth... well, I place every wrestler, manager, and official on notice right now: don't even try it, because it won't work.

And if you do try it, suckers, don't be surprised if it turns up the very next month right here in these pages in black and white for all the world to read. Because I can guarantee to you right now: when you least expect it, expect it. That's a warning, alright. And it's not to be taken lightly.

These warnings go out to King, Farhood, Shocket, Apter, Saks, and all the rest of 'em, too: the truth about Morgenstein won't escape me, either. No matter where I'm sent, no matter how much work is heaped upon my shoulders to try and keep me busy and off the case, I will not rest until I... and the readers... know what happened.

See you next month. □

BEHIND THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 10)



As proud as any human being can be, Dusty Rhodes displays his newly won NWA championship belt.

I predict a long title reign. And not because Dusty is so much more talented than everybody else; it's because he wants the title so badly. That desire doesn't stem from personal gratification; he's got all the money and fame he could want. The desire stems from his dream to keep wrestling a respectable sport. He sees men like Ivan Koloff, Ole Anderson, and Abdullah the Butcher running the sport into the ground. He sees men like Kevin Sullivan and Larry Zbyszko forsaking their morality for what they think is the easy route to the top. He sees the horrified looks on the faces of the young children at ringside that have to witness such evil. And he knows that as champion he can do something about it all.

That's why Dusty Rhodes is a great champion, and that's why he must remain that way.

And now, with thanks to our nationwide corps of corre-

spondents, a sampling of opinions on the new NWA king:

HARLEY RACE: "Roll this one around your mouth once or twice and see how it sounds. 'Harley Race, seven-time NWA champion.' Because that's what it's gonna be. And that's a Harley Race promise. It'll be a cold day in hell before that whale could beat me twice in a row, and when we meet again, it's gonna be 'Dusty Rhodes, two-time former NWA champion.' Roll that around in your mouth once or twice."

TED DiBIASE: "I don't think I could be happier if it were myself winning the title. Dusty Rhodes is a good man, an honorable man, and he will be good for the sport as champion."

KEN PATERA: "This is a nightmare, pal, a real honest-to-goodness nightmare. Look at that blimp; he's a disgrace to the sport. I don't know how many fans are gonna come out to look at that. I don't even know how he can look at himself in the mirror."

BOB BACKLUND: "I've always looked up to Dusty. He's such a good man. And let me tell you, it's a solid feeling knowing that there is another champion out there with the same ideals as myself and every other good American citizen."

SIR OLIVER HUMPERDINK: "It's easy to understand how that slob won the title. Everything he knows he learned over the past year from yours truly. But the one thing he forgets is that I know all his moves inside out. I know how to topple that mountain, and soon, one of my men will take his precious title."

DAN SHOCKET: "Dusty who?"

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(Continued from Page 12)

cheer hysterically when Ivan Koloff struts proudly into the ring.

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It is fitting that the "scientific" wrestler will end his days not in glory but as a clown. Instead of gallantly withstanding the inevitable tide, he will be washed away by the sound of laughter. Junkyard Dog is the last piteous gasp of a dying breed.

It is also fitting that Junkyard Dog should be embraced by the sport's most popular wrestlers. As always, these sickening bootlickers rush to anyone beloved of the fans. For once, they are really suffering. These morons find themselves teamed with Junkyard Dog in tag team matches. In these bouts, Junkyard inevitably gets battered and needs to be saved. Instead of a partner, he's an obligation. As Ted DiBiase found out when he was severely injured when teaming with Junkyard, it isn't worth the fans' cheers.

In fact, Junkyard Dog may turn into a rulebreaker recruiter. As promoters

demand fan favorites team with Junkyard, they'll turn rulebreaker rather than wind up in the hospital. In the meantime, Junkyard will jeopardize the career of any man who shakes his hand.

Let's face facts, Ted DiBiase's career is a big question mark. Many people never come back from injuries like he suffered. Even if his body recovers, his nerve might be gone. Nothing makes a man a coward more quickly than waking up in a hospital bed. He was never very good. In the future, he might become downright wretched. Don't think his friends won't notice why his career went down the toilet. Teaming with Junkyard Dog can destroy DiBiase, it can destroy them. What an added worry for a man to suffer who has to wrestle in a tough tag team match.

One might fear that the promoters, seeing Junkyard is ruining all their toadies, will force the stumblebum from wrestling. Happily, promoters' greed is such that they'd kill off their mothers if they could make an extra buck out of it. So, as long as this Junkyard clown draws fans, they'll force people to wrestle with him. For a wrestler, hearing "You wrestle with Junkyard" will be like a kamikaze pilot hearing, "Start your engine."

Here's to Junkyard dog, the last of the big-time, no-ability scientific wrestlers. □

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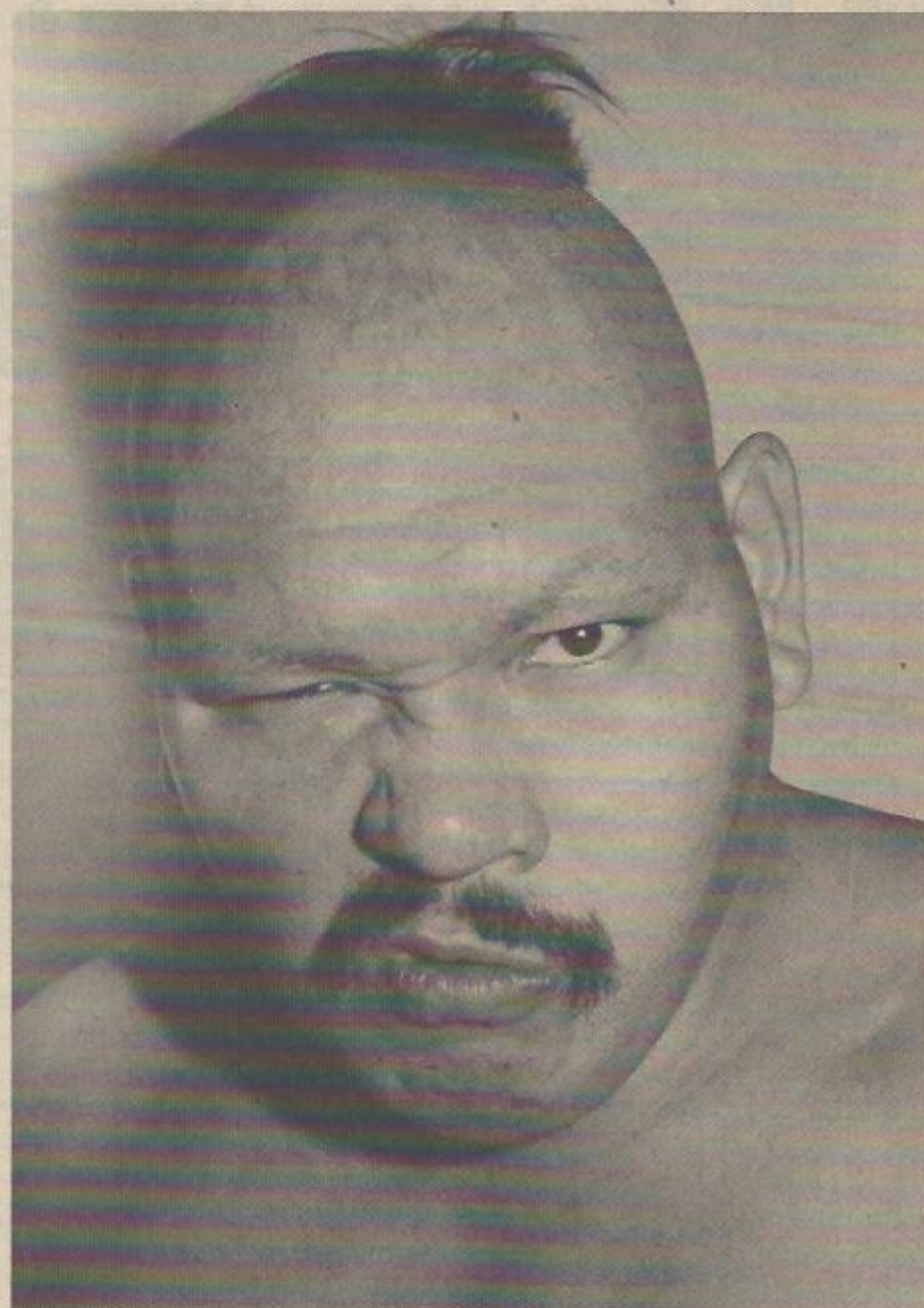
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INSIDER

(Continued from Page 18)



Several rumors have emerged concerning Killer Khan. One states that the black hair sprouting out of the back of his head is a growth requiring water, and the other insists his true identity is Murray Kahn, bagel salesman. Both are false.

wanted the automaton to wrestle just like Greg Valentine, it could be done by that scientist.

"There are two things to remember," Dr. Rambusch continued. "One is that automatons don't feel pain. The other is that automatons can be created to be much stronger, quicker, and more coordinated than the best athletes the

human race has to offer."

Sound scary? It is. Can you imagine Bob Backlund or Bruno Sammartino matched against a Greg Valentine automaton? The possibilities are frightening. All we can do is pray that The Wizard is frustrated in this, his latest effort to control the world of wrestling. For if he succeeds, you and your children may be

living in a vastly different world sooner than you think.

RUMOR VS. FACT

RUMOR: The small, black lock of hair that spouts from the top of Killer Khan's head is really not hair at all but a live growth that must be watered three times a week.

FACT: Certainly one of our wilder rumors. A fan started this story, shortly after Khan broke Andre the Giant's leg. The rumor spread so quickly that we received a letter about it from Roanoke, Virginia. To the best of our knowledge, the growth is hair. The fan that planted this rumor should be ashamed of himself.

RUMOR: Another rumor circulating concerning Killer Khan: The sadistic rulebreaker is not from Mongolia. His real name is Murray Kahn and he is a former bagel salesman from Brooklyn, New York.

FACT: "Ridiculous," responded Fred Blassie, Khan's manager. "Those pencil-necked geeks will say and do anything to stop Killer Khan and I from ruling all of wrestling. The man is from Mongolia. When he came to America the only word he knew was 'kill.' Thanks, Freddie. And I had my heart set on a bagel with cream cheese and tomato."

INJURY REPORT

ANDRE THE GIANT has fully recovered from the broken leg he suffered during a match against **KILLER KHAN**... It's hay fever season again for Texas fan favorite **KEVIN VON ERICH**, and the sneezing is driving him crazy... Georgia's **KEVIN SULLIVAN** has been told by his doctor that he must slow up with his weight training before he suffers a serious injury.

That's all for now. Catch you later. ☐

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Sweet Brown Sugar

(Continued from Page 33)



Departing the ring after a dazzling display of precision teamwork, Mascaras gives the victory sign, while Sugar still appears to be in the clouds. Teaming with Mascaras was always his dream.

even though I know his style and every fine point in it, I had never been so close as to actually encounter that style first hand.

I've got to admit, though, that when Mil and I stepped into that ring and started tearing into the

Masked Assassins, it was like some sort of magic spell had fallen onto the two of us. I mean, it was positively weird.

Have you ever heard about telepathy? That's a kind of ESP where two people can talk to each other just using their

brains and no words. Well, that's what it seemed like to me. It was like we were one mind operating two bodies. I mean, it was totally strange. I've never experienced anything like that before.

Needless to say, the fact that we each seemed to know what the other was about to do made us invincible as far as the Assassins were concerned. But following the match, I had to ask Mil whether he noticed the same thing I did.

I couldn't believe it. "You know, Sweet," he told me, "it was pretty bizarre in there. It was like we had been a tag team for 20 years or something. The way our styles meshed was sheer beauty."

After the match was over, we talked. Boy, did we talk. I don't know what time it was, but I do remember seeing the sun rise the next morning.

What did we talk about? Oh, everything. Wrestling, mostly, and how to handle different types of men in the ring. But we also talked about attitudes and the way Mil has represented such an upstanding, fine attitude throughout his years as a professional wrestler.

He gave me one piece of advice I'll never forget, too. "You know, Sweet," he told me, "a man can have all the skill in the world, and that won't make him a wrestler. He's got to have the attitude, he's got to be able to look at himself in the mirror and like what he sees looking back at him. If he hasn't got a sportsmanlike attitude and self-respect, he's nothing."

Then he told me, "Sweet: you've got that attitude. Don't ever lose it."

It was the proudest moment of my life. □

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DUSTY RHODES

(Continued from Page 35)

risks. I deserve an easy chance for the belt. It's only fair. I believe in being fair. When someone is unfair to me, they pay for it."

Does this mean he won't help another of his group become champion?

"I didn't say that," he replied. "Whoever takes the title has my best wishes. I just want it to be me."

It's statements like that which could be Dusty's salvation. No one knows this better than Rhodes.

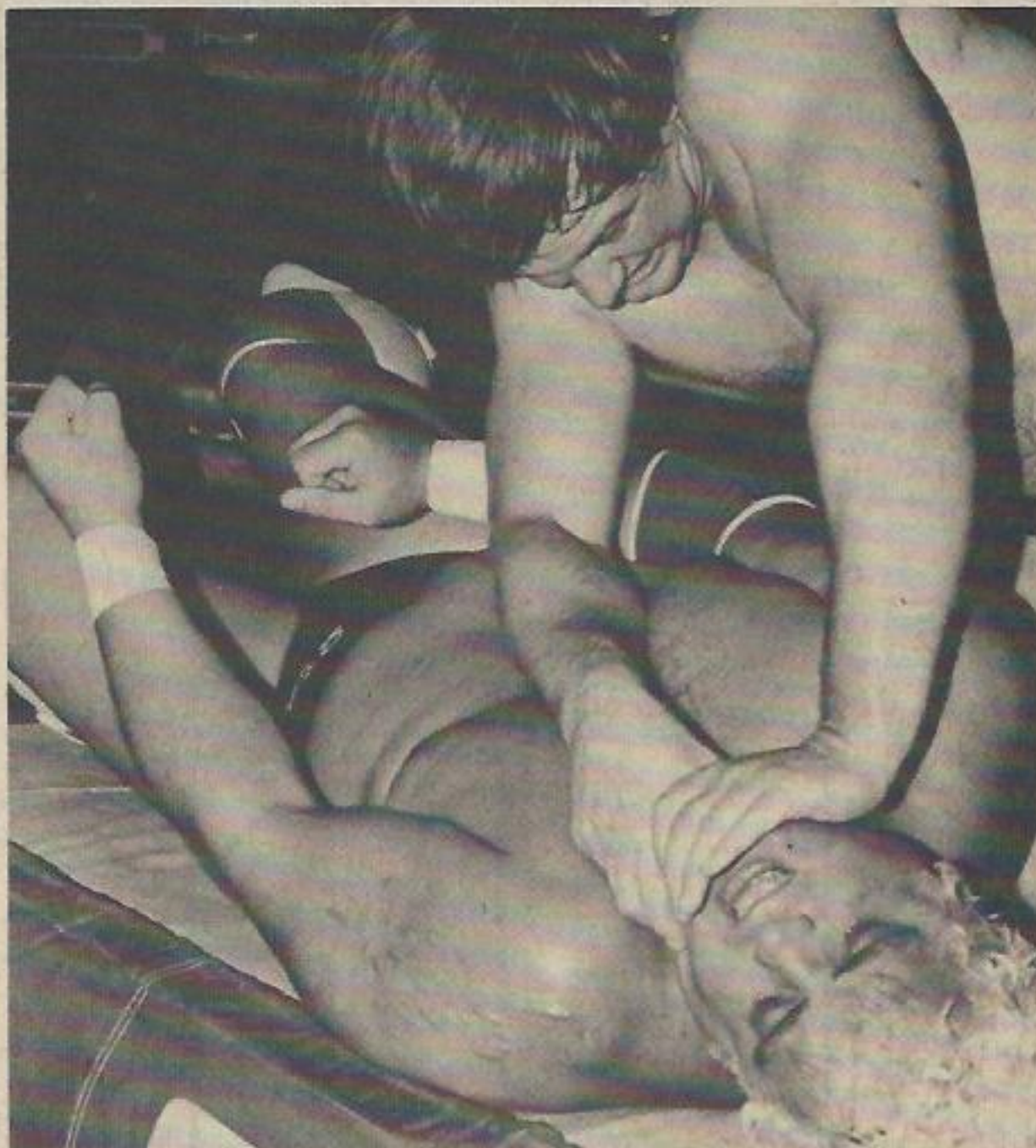
"They're all against me now," he admits, "but that won't last for long. They all want the belt. They'll shaft each other for it. They can't work together. The first close match, the first time the others see someone else get near my belt, and

this whole conspiracy will fall apart. When Funk broke my arm, he was guaranteed certain things. Race never came through. The others know that. They also know Race is the most trustworthy one among them.

"I know it'll be tough keeping my belt. If those guys stay loyal to each other, I'd have the toughest title reign in history. I'd survive, but it would take everything I've got and then some. It might shorten my career by five years.

"Still, I don't think this conspiracy will last. These guys will start fighting among themselves. I just hope they start soon."

Is Dusty afraid of what might happen?



Roddy Piper, one of Rhodes' top challengers, will not be restricted by the rulebook in his quest for the NWA title.

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Ivan Koloff has expressed a desire to capture the NWA title and defend it permanently in the Soviet Union. Rhodes assures the fans that this will not happen.

"It depends on how you define fear," he said. "If you see fear as something that makes you run away, then I'm not scared. But if you see fear as something that makes you sharp, makes you careful, makes you mean, and makes you tough, then I'm scared. I guess respectful of the consequences would be a better way to put it.

"Hell, anyone who isn't scared when guys like that set out to destroy him is crazy!"

So far, however, the coalition shows no signs of breaking apart. Roddy Piper and Jimmy Snuka, the two least experienced men against Rhodes, tell why.

"More than anything else," Roddy swears, "more than wanting the title, we all hate Rhodes. We despise the man. The one thing we want to do is take the belt from Rhodes. It doesn't matter who does it."

"Doesn't matter at all," Snuka concludes. "When one of us wins, we'll all win. The loss will break Rhodes' spirit and drive him out of wrestling. Don't think we're only going after the title. We're going after Rhodes' very lifeblood!" ☐

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ONE ON ONE

(Continued from Page 47)



A family feud that started a decade ago still rages today. Funk drops all his weight on Brisco's knee (above). Brisco traps Funk in an abdominal stretch (opposite right).

JB: What about pride in your work? Don't you think the oil company executive and car manufacturer take pride in their work?

DF: Yeah, all the way to the bank.

JB: You used to take pride in your work. I remember articles in which you gave your philosophy of wrestling. You'd talk about the thrill of wrestling well—it sounded like poetry. There were nights when you were heroic. There isn't enough money in the world to make a man do what you did.

DF: Stop it, you're making me gag.

JB: Funny, that's just what I've been trying to tell you.

DF: Let me guess what comes

next. Because the fans deserve an honest champion, you're going to take the Florida belt from me.

JB: That's right.

DF: How did I guess? Well, my overgrown Boy Scout, let me explain something to you. This belt stays with me. If I have to end your career to keep it, that'll make things that much better. Anyway, it's about time one of us got a clean, unquestionable victory over the other.

JB: I took your NWA title. That's a pretty convincing victory.

DF: I don't want to talk about that. You stole my title and we both know it.

JB: That's what I like about you. Dignified in defeat.

DF: We'll see how damned dignified you are the next time I kick your butt out of the ring.

JB: And your mother wears combat boots.

DF: What's that supposed to mean?

JB: It means you can threaten all you want over this picture-phone. The only thing that matters is what happens in the ring.

DF: I'll back up everything I say, pal. I'm beginning one of the great title reigns of this



century. You'll be a footnote in history as one of the chumps I defeated during this reign. Florida is mine for as long as I want it. The fans will have to suffer with it. No one can stop me.

JB: You'll be stopped. If I don't do it, my brother will.

DF: Your brother is a bigger bum than you are. There never was a Brisco who could wrestle worth a damn.

JB: I never thought I'd see Dory Funk Jr. reduced to bluster. You're pathetic. I was about to say the power of the title has driven you crazy. That's not true. It's made you stupid.

DF: I'm still champion.

JB: Not for long. ☐

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